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INGLESIDE RHAIMS

VERSES IN THE

DIALECT OF BURNS.

BY J. E. RANKIN.

*" There was ae sang, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best.
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife.
It thirled the heartstrings thro' my breast
A' to the life."*

—BURNS.

NEW YORK:
JOHN B. ALDEN, PUBLISHER.
1887.

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J. E. RANKIN

**ARGYLE PRESS,
PRINTING AND BOOKBINDING,
24 & 26 WOOSTER ST., N. Y.**

TO THE NEW-FOUND
PLAYMATE OF MY BOYHOOD:
JOHN BELL BOUTON.

A CRACK WITH THE READER.

THESE vagaries in verse, I am bound to attribute to the Scottish blood which comes from my ancestors, not to my own caprice. I was born so. My friend Dr. Ward, of *The Independent*, once rather playfully asked me if I thought it worth the while to try to *naturalize* the dialect of Burns in the United States. For that remark I forgive him, because he is so genial a critic and fraternal a friend, and has his own leanings in language. But Burns has done that for the dialect. He has made it not only a part of the English language, but a part of the world's language.

So I venture to gather these fragments within a single cover, and call them *Ingleside Rhaims*. The themes are mostly domestic. To treat them has never been the serious business, but always an incident of my life. The use of the Scottish dialect can not be faultless in one not familiar with it from the speech of others; but among the authorities who have given some of these *Rhaims* their approval, are George MacDonald, P. Hatley Waddell,

and Robert Carter, all eminent Scotchmen and masters of the Scottish dialect, while a collection of poetry lately published in Brechin has put its *imprimatur* upon my Scottish studies, by adopting several of them, as worthy of association with the work of Scotchmen native-born. I confess to a kind of home-feeling from getting into such honorable company. The poem of a satirical nature might, perhaps, be considered irreverent and even profane, were it not that to suitably characterize and castigate irreverence and profanity is not to be their author.

Highland Avenue, Orange, June, 1887.

POSTSCRIPT.

PERHAPS this volume needs a single word of explanation. In addition to his divine faculty of poetic insight and song, it was given to Robert Burns to hear and to speak, in his childhood, the sweetest, simplest, and most pathetic dialect ever used by mortals. This dialect is an element of touching beauty and power in the best of his poems. It is like the dew or song of the lark in the morning; and the use made of it by such writers as George MacDonald, and Dr. Waddell's recent translation into it of the Psalms, show that it is no dead language.

In my father's library, limited in all directions, but especially in this—for he was a Congregational minister of small means—few books were so attractive to my early days as the poems of the Ayrshire ploughman. My father, too, used sometimes to read or recite them with all a Scotchman's pride. It was one of his too few literary diversions. And when I came to have poetic bantlings of my own, Yankees though they were, was it strange they sometimes took on the garb of tartan? Nor had I the heart to chide them.

Some of the pieces here published are more properly studies, or imitations, than poems. But I have remembered that so great a master of his art as Burns himself, was indebted to other poets for the suggestion of such productions as even his inimitable "Cotter's Saturday Night," not to speak of "The Holy Fair." Whatever else, however, these poems may want, I hope they will not be regarded as deficient in purity, simplicity, and truthfulness, and that some of them may be found to possess even genuine poetic grace.

My aim in the use of the Scotch dialect has been less to follow its peculiar idioms, which would have made me unintelligible to the mass of English readers, than to secure from it qualities of beauty, for which, I think, it will always remain unequalled. In a period when the tendency is away from the daily home-life, which is the security of the individual and the hope of the nation, I have tried to depict some of its gentle attractions; thankful if I may thus express my gratitude to God for the home-life of my childhood, as well as that of my maturer years; and possibly may awaken kindred emotions in the bosom of others.

WASHINGTON, D. C., November 2, 1872.

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THE AULD SCOTCH MITHER,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

POEMS.

THE AULD SCOTCH MITHER, AND HOW SHE WELCOMED HER MALCOLM.

THERE was great bustle at a Highland inn,
One summer afternoon, without, within ;
For Malcolm Anderson, — who, years before,
Had left his mother's cottage young and poor,
His fortune in his little sailor's chest,
And in the blessing that his mother blest, —
With wife and children, servants, baggage, all,
Had landed from the mail-coach in the hall.

It was a hamlet 'neath Ben Nevis' head,
That looked up smiling from the valley's bed :
Some dozen houses with the old gray kirk,
A few poor acres, but enriched by work,
By honest Highland toil, by sweat of brow,
Where men and women delved with spade and plow ;

Or where, indoors, the guid-wives wove and spun,
And brought up children, as their dames had done.
A brook went tumbling, headlong, boisterous, down,
And ground the oatmeal for the little town ;
A bridge the sundered street re-bound in one,
From which you saw the yeasty waters run.
Ben Nevis, with his head wrapped in a cloud,
Like some old grandsire, o'er the landscape bowed :
He saw the village children as they played ;
He saw the lover trysting with the maid ;
Down on these smoking chimneys, year by year,
He looked and smiled, and blessed their humble
cheer ;

He looked and smiled, like some old idol grim,
As though they offered incense up to him ;
He heard the millstones grinding at his foot,
Down o'er the rocks the dashing waters shoot ;
And merry to his ears rang up the note
The blacksmith from his ringing anvil smote ;
And when the doors were open to the air,
He heard the guid-man in his praise and prayer.
And here, among the heather and the rocks,
The hamlet kept its ill-assorted flocks ;
Climbed up his brow a cosset lamb, a goat,
Each step proclaiming with a tinkling note ;
And lower down, above the garden's line,
Contented, grazed the grateful, great-eyed kine.

Who Malcolm was, of course no mortal knew ;
His name he'd given the landlord, it is true ;
But twenty years had slowly come and gone,
And twenty years had built up bone and brawn,
And care and toil had in his wavy chestnut hair
Woven a thread of silver here and there ;
The little sapling, which, with nimble feet
He'd climbed, now stretched its arms across the
street :

So now he was a stranger in the very town
Each foot of which his childhood steps had known.
Besides, the landlord was but lately there,
And so received him with a grateful stare :
Native or stranger, he was quite as glad,
And welcomed him to take the best he had :
The rooms were low, the windows very small ;
He and his wife responded to each call.

But Malcolm, with the thought pre-occupied,
From wife and children soon withdrew aside,
And, taking off his dress from head to foot,
Quickly put on a common sailor's suit, —
Pea-jacket, pants, and hat, such as he wore
When he went seaward, twenty years before ;
And then, by by-paths that in youth he'd known,
He sought his mother's cottage-door alone.

The foot-worn way he trod again along
Where he had shouted out his childhood's song,
Where he had whistled many a sailor air
Before he left his good old mother's care.
These are, above, the very chestnut-trees
'Gainst which he used to plant his climbing knees ;
And here, midway, still stands the awkward stone
That many a time his heedless foot has thrown ;
And now he sits again the old stone stile,
And waits to look the landscape o'er a while.

Before him is the little cottage, where
His tiny feet first learned to climb the stair ;
A stone's throw distant from him, that is all.
No dog would answer to the old-time call,
Nor bound as once the intervening wall ;
For old Rob Roy, worn out, toothless, and dumb,
Long years ago to his last sleep has come.
There is his window o'er the sloping roof,
The apple tree, with branches spread aloof ;
The old stone chimney, awkward, huge, and square,
Still curls with sluggish smoke ascending there.
O, how his heart beneath his bosom smote !
O, how it leaped into his choking throat !
For through the mist that blinds his eager eyes
His mother at the window he espies ;

And hark ! — O, how it made his senses reel ! —
She's crooning softly to her spinning-wheel ;
The same sweet voice, broken although it be,
With which she sang when he sat on her knee ;
And she's the same, although the precious form
Is doubled up from meeting many a storm :
The locks of auburn that he used to know
Are white as winter's deep, undrifted snow ;
The eyes are dim, that shone like flowers in dew,
Searching, yet tender, deep as heaven's own blue ;
And yet her cheeks are blooming like the rose
Beneath a bank of melting Alpine snows, —
The same sweet tint that youth had painted first,
Before life's tempests on her head had burst.

He knocked at length, and then he, waiting, stood,
Eager to meet and test her motherhood.
No answer came, except the hollow sound
Of his own blow, the death-like cottage round ;
He knocked again, and said in undertone,
“ She's grown quite deaf, I surely might have known.”
“ Come ben ! ” in her old-fashioned, simple way,
As often to a guest, he heard her say.
She brought a chair ; nor had he scarce sat down,
Before he asked the way to Kinlock town.
His garments they were new, but coarse and rough ;
His accent English ; and his voice was gruff.

"Gang through the town across the burnie's bed,
Keep up the hill, to left nor right your head;
When at the height, turn round the old gray kirk."

She eyed him once, and then put by her work.
He weary seemed, all crouching in his chair,
And broken down with travel, grief, or care.
It made her sigh. "And are ye Scotch by birth?
Why went ye then a roamin' roun' the earth?"
"Ah, yes! I'm Scotch; but I am altered so,
That her own son my mother would not know,
Although a mother kinder could not be
Before I left her and went off to sea."
"Ah, man! of mithers ye do little ken,
If that's your ain conviction of them, then.
A mither'd ken the bairn she fondly pressed
On her ain bosom to a lo'in' rest,
Wha teuk the snawy draught frae out her breast,
An' toddled roun' in the auld household nest;
She'd ken her bairn, her lo'in' e'e sae keen,
Where'er he were, wherever he had been.
Her ear wad ken his footfa' on the walk.
She'd ken him by his gait and by his talk.
But tell me, man, how far your foot could reach,
That ye sud lose the Scotch frae out your speech?
On Arctic snaws, or India's scorchin' sands,
Where ha'e ye wandered roun' through mony lands,

That ye ha'e tined the tongue your mither taught, —
The auld Scotch tongue, wi' sic sweet mem'ries
fraught? ”

“ O! in Calcutta I have lived for years.”

At that she sighed ; and then she said, with tears,
“ And, when ye lived there, did ye chance upon
A bairn o' mine, one Malcolm Anderson? ”

“ There's many of that name I know full well.
What is he, ma'am? A merchant there did dwell,
About my age and build, and wealthy, too.”

“ Malcolm's a merchant, that is unco true ;

But he is younger far by mony a year,

An' bonnier far, than you do now appear.

I beg your pardon, man ; a mither's pride

Sic points o' likeness can fu' weel decide.

An', then, he stood up firm and straight and tall

As though he walked a laird within his hall ;

His han's were like a lassie's, saft an' white ;

His tressy hair was thick an' glossy bright ;

His cheeks were like the new-blawn rose to me,

That hangs half opened on the mither-tree ;

His swellin' brow was pure as any snaw ;

And in his een, that answered to your ca',

There was a glint just like the c'enen' star, —

A glint o' light across a sky o' blue,

A leuk that seemed to search a body through :

Ye're not my Malcolm, man, by very far,
Although a decent mither's son nae doubt ye are."

The stranger rose, as if to take his leave,
That he had altered so, slow to believe.
"O! bide a bit, ye've gang'd sae lang a way,
An' eat wi' us, before we part, I pray."
Thus did the kind old mother rise and say.
He had not answered her, before she went
And up the stairway this brief summons sent, —
"Maggie, come down, and set the supper on!"
For now the parting day was well nigh gone.
And so the two spread out a clean repast,
And he drew nigh to eat, as she had asked.
She closed her eyes, and drooped her frosted head,
And reverently a simple grace she said.
The stranger took upon his plate the food;
He tried to eat, but still untouched it stood:
His soul within him was too deeply stirred;
He was too hungry for some loving word;
His heart was leaping in too eager haste
The sweetness of his mother's lips to taste.

"Ye dinna eat, my man: what can we bring?
What wad ye relish? Is there any thing?"
"There is a dish my mother used to make,
I'd gladly taste, if only for her sake.

'Tis oatmeal porridge ; taken from her hand,
I'd be the happiest man in any land."

" *Parritch*, ye mean !" his mother quick replied :

" There's some that's left from dinner set aside ;
It stan's within the pantry very near ;
But then it's cauld. Maggie, just han' it here ! "
" If it but have the taste it had of old,
I do not care if it be hot or cold."

He took the bowl, and then he stirred the spoon,
And she began to mark the motion soon.
And, when he twirled it by some boyhood art,
Half from her chair she rose with sudden start ;
And then she trembled, then was pale as death,
And then she said, as fast as came her breath, —
" Ye minded me o' my ain Malcolm then ;
There, there ! just lift your spoon that way again.
Just sae his parritch he was wont to stir :
O laddie ! now, my Malcolm gin ye were ! "
" Ah, weel then, gin I were your Malcolm, come
To cheer your auld age in your auld-time home,
Or gin your braw young Malcolm were as brown,
An' auld, an' gray, an' bald, an' doublit down,
That Malcolm, mither, wad ye now incline
To lo'e him as ye did in dear lang syne ? "

His language had become his mother's own ;
She heard again the old familiar tone ;
At once her aged breath comes thick and fast,
And gathering tears begin to fall at last :
And when he calls her *mither*, then she goes
With one glad cry, and, tottering toward him,
 throws

Her fainting form upon his manly breast,
With her excessive joy weak and distressed,
And like a child within his bosom hides,
While many a tear-drop down his rough face glides.
Her brow he kisses, then her face and hand,
And calls her all dear names he can command ;
While in his face she looks, beyond a doubt
If she, perchance, can make her Malcolm out.

At last, by these caresses satisfied,
And lacking words, they seat them side by side.
“ But, Malcolm, wife and bairns — where are they
 all ? ”

“ O ! at the inn, within a minute's call.”

“ Go bring them here, to bless my achin' e'e ;
I scarcely hoped this happy day to see.”

“ But in the cottage ha'e ye surely room ? ”

“ I'll manage that. Go bid them a' to come :

I ha'e twa rooms, wi' neebor closets wide,

An' shelves weel packed wi' gudes on ilka side,

Wi' things for yours I've woven or ha'e spun."
"Weel, mither, now ye'll rest : your work is done."
" 'Twad mickle irk my soul, I ken fu' weel,
Idle to see my loom or spinnin' wheel ;
This side the grave to rest I dinna care ;
Fu' lang a time I'll ha'e to rest me there.
I canna bear these wrinklet han's to fauld
Till they are crossed to moulder in the mould :
There'll be, 'twixt then an' resurrection-day,
For needfu' rest fu' time enough to stay.
But hasten now your wife and bairns to bring ;
Against it we'll make ready ilka thing :
I hope to like your wife ; I want to see
The bonnie bairns ; I hope that they'll like me."

The good dame's hopes each one proved very true ;
She liked them well, and well they liked her, too.
That night, before their rest, in holy calm
They knelt in prayer, they sang an old Scotch
psalm ;
And then, the guid-wife's palsied voice instead,
Her Malcolm's own the welcome worship led.

Bright was the cottage thence, within, without, —
Without with rose and woodbine clung about,
Within with childhood ways and childhood glee,
With books and sports and ringing melody :

But sometimes would the grand-dame call around
The little group, and still their boisterous sound ;
While, as she told, their eager eyes would swim,
How Malcolm came, and how she welcomed him.



THE LOST GUID-MAN;
OR, JANET FOREMAN'S STORY.

ONE summer in July, when on the walls,
And roofs, and spires, and lofty palace-halls,
The sun, like king barbaric with gold crown,
Was pouring all his hottest terrors down,
A knot of ladies from "Auld Reekie" went,
On pastime, health, and pleasure bent,
To live at Annefield, a suburban place,
Simple and sandy and with scarce a grace ;
To bathe them in the surf, to walk, to fish,
To treat themselves to many an humble dish :
A wife, whose husband was in foreign parts ;
A daughter, decked with all the city arts ;
A grandchild, orphaned ere her feet could go,
But treated so as not the loss to know ;
An unwed aunt, who in the grave had laid
A noble man who sought her as a maid ;

A dog, Newfoundland, and the grandchild's pet,
That loved in brine his shaggy coat to wet —
A brute protector of them each and all,
That came all bounding, eager at their call,
That human seemed, so wise and true was he,
And more than human in fidelity.
These often met a woman, quaint and old,
Sitting upon a crag, surf-worn and bold,
That overlooked the restless, foamy Firth,
As though oblivious of all things on earth ;
Wrinkled her brow with many a deep-scored care,
Falling in silvered curls her unthinned hair ;
Her well-arched brow and face of classic mould,
Her blue eyes' depths, of true refinement told.
She sat there gazing off upon the sea,
As though it had some charm or mystery ;
As though within its depths some treasure lay
Hidden forever from her reach away.
At last, from meetings oft, acquainted grown,
She told this tale in tender undertone : —

“ Some twa-score years ago, in a' the town
There was nae happier cottage than our own.
Just shade the settin' sunbeams wi' your han's,
And leuk off westward ; there ye see it stan's.
'Twas Davie's self, before I was his bride,
When we had luvewalks by the foam-fringed tide,

That singlit out the spot, alane and free,
Where my bright lamp wad shine far off at sea ;
And, being unco skilled wi' saw and plane,
To put it up himself he was fu' fain.
And sae, when fishin' days were dull or gaun,
Our hame and comin' years intent upon,
He hew'd the timbers, drove the ringin' nails,
Fitted the slantin' roof wi' cedar scales ;
While, like the master-workman, happy I,
To hear the soun's and see the shavin's fly !
Well, soon 'twas dune, and then we twa were wed.
The crownin' day for baith we thought and said.
How aft the sunrise met the curlin' smoke,
When frae the waves the purple mornin' broke ;
How aft the stars leuked out o' heaven to see
Sic human bliss as fell to him and me !
'Tis but a step ; along this path let's walk,
An', till we reach it, I will stap my talk."

And while they went behind the cliff the sun
Dropped, as a votive shield, in battle won,
And hung aloft to grace a temple's walls,
Jostled by jarring door, descending falls ;
While all the west with clouds was overrun,
Like painter's pallet when his work is done.
And now they sit beneath the vine-draped door,
That overlooks the hamlet and the shore,
And she resumes the tale she left before :

“About a month, I think, a month or more,
The wonted herrin’ fishin’ had been ower,
When guid-man, that was Davie, weel ye ken,
And, syne he’s dead, he was the best o’ men :
As clear his een as heaven’s unclouded blue,
Sae strang his limbs, his voice sae kind and true ;
I ha’e his picture hung upon the wa’ ;
Just walk this way and see it in the ha’ ;
There, just like that he leuked when we were wed,
Dressed in his best, and sae held up his heid.
Don’t min’ me, for the woun’ is always fresh ;
For, though the spirit’s willin’, weak’s the flesh.
My guid-man, he that’s here, and he that’s there,
Said, ‘Janet,’ as he drew alang his chair,
‘Here is the pickle silver I ha’e earned ;
For bonnet and for gown I ken ye’ve yearned ;
Sae buy them baith ; it sweetens a’ my work
To see ye walkin’ Sundays to the kirk,
Wi’ cheeks a’ blushin’, and with hair o’ gowd ;
For a’ the hamlet kens o’ ye I’m proud.
There’ll be enough — for next on that I dote,
To buy for me a bonnie fishin’-boat,
Sae snug and trim, sae jauntie fore and aft,
’Twill surely overhaul all ither craft.
And ‘Janet Foreman’ that shall be the name
Upon the stern, and on the flag aflame ;

A' ither boats 'twill stan' as far before
As my ain Janet a' along the shore.'
And sae we sat beside the chimla there,
An' leuked, and bigged our castles i' the air :
The bonnet an' the gown were baith for me,
An' sae the bran new boat was, ye can see.
But, ah ! my ladies, 'tis an awfu' truth
That 'aften fell frae my auld mither's mouth :
'Tis not in man that walks his path to choose ;
It is not his to take, nor to refuse.
The bran new boat was never to be made ;
The gown and bonnet, black as nicht their shade ;
And his 'twas never mair again to be
To sail his boat or gang to kirk wi' me ;
But 'twas God's will, and sae it shall be mine —
He gied me a', to Him I a' resign.

“Herrin's were gaun, but haddocks still were gran'
An' bigger grew the siller in my han' ;
For never had the weather an' the sea
Been better for my guid-man and for me.
Aweel ! aweel ! December was half gaun ;
The day'd been fair, and nicht was creepin' on ;
I'd put the lines in order and the bait ;
Neptune was moanin' for him at the gate ;
I'd filled his basket wi' a goodly store,
And it sat waitin' just within the door ;

We'd ta'en our supper, and before he went
To God our wonted e'enin' worship sent.
An' then, without anither word, he rose
An' kissed our babie in her saft repose —
Our anely one ; (for thirteen years had past
Before her little fragile bark was cast
Within the friendly shelter o' our hame ;
Three years before, our little Maggie came ;))
And then, wi' laughin' word to me, along
Wi' Neptune at his heels, and some sea-sang
Upon his hearty lips, away he strode ;
An' soon four strappin' chieils adown the road,
As crew, o'ertook him : what could I forebode ?

“ The sun, 'tis true, had set that nicht in blood,
An' there were clouds that augured naethin' good ;
The wives new-married, they had gaun adown ;
An' lassies waitin' to be married soon,
To see their guid-men an' their sweethearts aff.
An' I had heard the cheer an' answerin' laugh ;
For I, strang in my faith, strang in my luv,
An' not sic early tenderness above,
Was busied roun' the house, until 'twas dark,
Wi' milkin' o' the cow and ither wark.
An' when I fastened winnocks and the door,
I heard the boats a callin' down the shore,
An' warkin' slowly out into the sea.
An' then I prayed upon my bended knee

To Him wha haulds the waters in his han',
To Him wha walk'd upon them as on lan',
To Him wha stills them as to rest a child,
That frae their surgin' depths and frenzy wild
He'd watch and ward upon my Davie keep,
And send him back again frae aff the deep.

“ Ah ! ladies, prayer's a helpfu' thing and gran'
To ease us of our sorrows kindly plann'd,
To sweeten a' our joys, and to prepare
For comin' griefs, in store we ken not where.
I took our babe and got me aff to bed ;
Upon my arm was laid her trustfu' heid ;
A sweeter burden mither never had.
An' there I lay, half mournfu' and half glad ;
Now thinkin' on my Davie gaun frae me,
Now wond'rin' why sae tearfu' I sud be.
I lay half wakfu', gazin' at the fire,
As it would wildly loup and then expire,
And soon I drapp'd into as soun' a rest
As ever came to any wearie breast.
Sic pictures sweet came to me in my dreams,
Just came and went, as if by fitfu' gleams :
We twa were sittin' by our ain fireside,
Before the babie came — I still a bride.
He leuked sic luvie frae out his tender eyes,
He spak sic words, and gied me sic replies ;

An' then he seemed to fade and fade away,
As stars go out before the dawn o' day.
How lang I slept I do not truly ken ;
I anely know, lang 'twas ere day agen.
I heard, as 'twere the thunder's pealin' soun',
The winds awake and sweep our roof aroun' ;
Siccan a night it was ! I heard the sea
Breaking against the rocks relentlessly.
Where was my guid-man then ? Alas ! I thocht,
' The darkness hideth not frae Thee ! ' This brough
Some comfort. An', besides, he saw the storm
A brewin' ; sae in Berwick snug and warm,
Or in Dunbar, he's ta'en his trusty boat,
An' there she'll safely ride the tempest out.
I was na frightened, yet I could na sleep,
Sic tumult did the win's and waters keep.
I lighted up the fire, and down God's book,
We'd read sae aften, I for comfort took.
And thus I waited for the comin' morn.
It came, at last, with a' its cauld and scorn,
An' guilty-like, as though it wad na own
What it weel kenned the cruel nicht had done.
It came, at last, and down alang the shore
Were wives and sweethearts, oh ! weel nigh a score
A heavy fog hung like a fun'ral pall
Upon the pier, and ower the waters all.
We leuked in vain, for naething could be seen ;
Naething but waves against the rocks moss green —

The loupin', surgin', treach'rous waves, that came,
But brocht nae tidin's on their snawy faem.
We lookit eastward, westward, too, in vain.
Ah! naething, naething but the fog agen,
The fog, and angry roarin' sea; no sail,
No broken mast, no sign that could avail
To solve the mystery or to tell the tale.

“ We talkit much thegither, and made out
They'd sail'd for Berwick or Dunbar, no doubt;
And that they'd tak the road before the night,
And come to gladden our poor achin' sight.
And sae to Musselboro', on that day,
We women-folk to meet 'em took our way.
We thocht our guid-man and the lads wad come
Ere we had tramp'd ower half the road frae hame
Like torrents, then, the rain was pourin' down;
We felt it not, nor heard its mony soun'.
But ah! we found them not, and sae our lane
We travelled back. Of griefs each had her ain.
Intill the west went down the sad, sad day,
On came the gloamin' hour, sae cauld and gray;
And darker grew the twilight, darker still,
And not a word of hope our hearts to thrill.
Ah! sic a nicht in Annefield never was;
Of sic anither may there ne'er be cause!
How mony hearts within our hamlet broke
Before the next day frae the sea awoke!

How mony, too, that could na think or sleep !
How mony, too, that could na break or weep !
Ah ! ladies, aften had I sung the sang,
' My guid-man's step hath music in't.' 'Twas lang
Before I kenned the meanin' o' the line ;
But then, alas ! I could too weel divine :
My Davie's footfa', ah ! was never mair
To sing his welcome comin' on the stair.

“ Twa days passed slow awa' ; and then the waves,
As if they tokens brocht frae rifled graves,
As if they mock'd our sorrow and our woe,
Washed up the broken spars frae down below.
Oh ! when we saw them, then we kenned the een
That blink'd wi' sunshine never mair'd be seen ;
That we might leuk and leuk across the sea,
And to our sight nae lang'd-for craft should be ;
That we might listen still frae year to year,
But ne'er the music of their voice wad hear ;
That never till the sea gave up its dead
Wad mortal ken where God had made their bed.
What weepin', lamentation, sorrow, woe !
In the gran' words o' Scripture that ye know,
Rachel a weepin' for her bairns, and we
For those that better were than bairns could be !

“ But, in this season of my bitter need,
Adown I bowed my beaten, droopin' heid ;

I kenned that He wha made us knows the best
How He can fit us for His heavenly rest.
I ask'd my guid-man's safe return to hame ;
God took him *there*, and that is a' the same.
That is our hame ; our babie's gaun there too,
An' I'm but waitin' till my wark is through.
'Twill not be lang ; ye see I'm auld and gray,
I'm waitin' for *His* ca' to rise and gang away."

Her auld voice drops, and they are all in tears
Just then from out the cloud the moon appears ;
And so, with many thanks and greetings fair,
They thoughtful to their quiet home repair.



THE BURDIE.

A **BURDIE** lighted on my han',
As it had been a spray ;
An' sportively keeked in my e'e,
An' illed a winsome lay.

A roguish pet he soon became,
An' thought to build his nest,
An' rear a brood of gentle ones
Within my frightit breast.

Ae burdie ane might scare awa',
Gin he wad come again!
But, gin he never found ae hame,
Ane wad be sorry then!

An' ilka breast maun be a nest
For some poor bird to fill;
Sae 'twas na in my heart at a'
To cheat him o' his will!

GANGING TO THE WARS.

PART I. — WILLIE.

I'm ganging to the wars, Jean;
There is nae peace at hame;
Thou'lt na gainsay the word, Jean,
That gars me do the same.

I came na for thy gear, Jean;
Oh! leave it a' behind!
House fu' o' stuff's a pest, Jean,
Without a willing mind.

I would hae stown thy heart, Jean,
Then waited for thy han';

I did not hae the thought, Jean,
Till my ain heart was gaun.

Oh ! canst thou gie it back, Jean ?
Owre meikle, twa for ane ;
An' nane's a sorry plight, Jean,
For him wha gangs his lane.

Nay ! keep them baith thysel', Jean ;
Somehow mine was thy due ;
I wad na cheat thee o't, Jean,
Though I hae nane in lieu.

And *maun* I to the wars, Jean,
An' never see thee mair ?
Thou *wilt* gainsay the word, Jean,
That vexed my heart sae sair !

PART II. — JEAN.

I *wad* na hae thee gang awa,
Thy ways hae been sae kind ;
I can na think what I hae done
To make thee o' that mind.

Yestreen thy words were sweet to me !
Wad thou but tell them o'er,

I'd schule mysel' to say the things
I durst na say before.

Oh! meikle crowded to my throat!
My heart lay beating there!
I know, I could na *mean* to speak
A word na kind and fair!

Oh! Willie, thou'lt na gang *to-day*,
Because I ask thee so;
Thou wilt na grieve thy gentle Jean
Sae soon before thou go!



NAE WARK O' MY AIN.

'Twas nae wark o' my ain;
I ken na how it was;
Her palm I'd saftly ta'en;
I can na guess the cause.

'Twas nae wark o' my ain;
I durst nae think of it;
Slyly my lips were fain
To peck her han' ae bit.

'Twas nae wark o' my ain ;
I said I lo'ed her best ;
The silly tale had lain
Sae whist within my breast.

'Twas nae wark o' my ain ;
I *could* nae help to see,
What she wad check in vain,
Come bubbling to her e'e.

Nae wark o' *mine* was this,
To stoop an' reach her *mou'*,
An' pluck a red ripe kiss,
O' hearty luve sae fu'.

'Twas nae wark o' my ain,
Her nestlin' in my arms ;
A neuk she syne has ta'en
In wee-bit luve alarms.

I wonder at it a' ;
It might nae hap again ;
It could na better fa',
Though *ae* wark o' my ain.

AE SIMMER SABBATH MORN.

THE simmer claver is i' flower ;
 The fields a' red and white ;
 Fragrant with incense is the hour ;
 The wearie week has left a dower —
 The Sabbath's tranquil light.

Nae wheel comes rumbling down the road ;
 Nae clutter frae the mill ;
 The beasts hae respite frae the goad ;
 The cart stan's empty o' its load,
 Stray roun' where'er ye will.

Saft and unjangled are the bells
 That call us to the kirk ;
 Their ebbings an' their pealing swells
 Are sughing through the distant dells
 Whare timid conies lurk.

The bairns come linkit loof in loof
 To their sweet Sabbath schule ;
 Ye ken yon house wi' sloping roof,
 Whose moss-grown boards gie meikle proof
 It's seen fu' mony a Yule ! *

* Christmas.

Decrepit, doublit up in half,
Upon a sturdy arm,
Auld age comes hirplin' wi' its staff;
Nae ill-bred youngster hides a laugh,
Or plots the gray-beard harm.

Nae ither day can see sic sight
Within these dingy wa's;
Ilk lad, ilk tentfu' runkled wight,
Ilk dame, ilk damsel bonnie bright,
Frae God instruction draws.

The seed is sawn on mellow groun';
Ilk heart is weel prepared;
How thrifty virtues grow aroun'
Within those sweet bells' Sabbath soun',
Time hath fu' weel declared.



FORSAKEN.

"Oh! nocht but luvè and sorrow joined." — BURNS.

AULD mither, rax thy bany han',
An' haud it to my breast;
This busy heart is worn an' faint,
An' droopin' to its rest.

Awa, awa in Scotia's lan',
Was ance my Highlan' hame ;
Ae Lowlan' chiel made suit to me,
An' owre the seas we came.

Oh ! he was cannie, brisk, an' braw',
An' spake the hinnied word :
Then wound his arm anent my waist ;
A' flichtrin' like a bird !

Oh ! light was then my foolish heart,
An' dancin' with the faem
That curled sae daftly roun' the beak
That bore me frae my hame.

But hinnied words may prove fu' fause
An' proud man's luvè grow cauld,
An' ither lads forget the aiths
Their tentless lips ha'e tauld.

Then dinna stare sae sad and stern :
I am nae guilty thing :
An' I maun soon be gaun frae thee,
An' life, an' sufferin'.

Ae drouth is i' my burnin' veins,
Ae sair drouth i' my een ;

'Twad be too sweet a joy to greet,
As when a wee, wee wean.

Auld mither, raise me i' my bed,
An' haud me to thy breast ;
I wad be niest suthin o' earth
When droopin' to my rest.

An' can ye say ae simple prayer,
Sic as I heard lang syne ?
An' can ye quote some healin' words
Frae out the beuk divine ?

Like lamb a-bleatin' for the fauld,
Like bird for mither-nest,
Sae is my broken, achin' heart,
Sae is my soul distrest.

Auld mither, when I'm dead and gaun,
Gin that poor chiel sud ca',
Tell him when Maggie came to dee,
That she forgied it a' !

AULD ADAM ADAIR.

AULD Adam Adair, wi' a strut an' a stare,
He ask'd for my heart, and ask'd for my han';
But wha'd be his wife, to lead sic a life
As the ane that's lately heart-broken and gaun?

For ane weddin' night, his ha' wad blink bright,
And then at his wark a' her days she wad spend;
Till the crabbit auld carl, in the niest drunken snarl,
To lie by the ither, the braw ane sud send.

Auld Adam Adair, he spak unco fair,
An' talked o' his siller, and talked o' his gowd;
He'd fetch me frae town a bonnie silk gown,
An' a bonnet wi' plumes a' tossing sae proud.

Auld Adam Adair, he straikit my hair,
An' leuked a' sae saucily into my een;
The bluid in my cheek was a' that did speak,
For my throat was choking wi' anger I ween.

Auld Adam Adair, I wad meikle rather wear
Ae hamespun petticoat a' o' my days,
And sit down at night by the chimla-lug bright
O' the laddie that warks a' day on the braes.

There's ane, when he sues, I never refuse,
For the luvè that lights up his sparklin' blue e'e,
And though his hearthstane be humble and lane,
Its blink shines brighter than siller to me.

And sae the auld squire maun strut and maun stare,
And drive a' alane in his carriage sae proud;
That lass rews the day when she barthers away
Her luvè an' her youth for siller and gowd.



NAE KNEE-BAIRN.

Oh! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn
Wi' dumpy, dimplit han's,
Wi' fit accoutred i' sma' boots,
An' fitfa' like a man's?
An' fitfa' thund'rin' roun',
As though your ain knee-bairn
Wad weigh a hunder poun'?

Oh! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn,
Soon as ye lift the latch,
Soon as ye touch the stair or floor,
Your comin' step to catch?
To catch, and to ca' out,

Your toddlin' wee knee-bairn,
 Wi' mony a peal an' shout.

Oh ! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn,
 To climbit for a kiss,
 To pu' your beard, and tweak your nose?
 Fu' half o' life's in this !
 Fu' half o' life an' more,
 To ha'e your ain knee-bairn
 A-stumpin' roun' the floor.

Oh ! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn,
 To haud ye by the ear,
 An' whisper wi' his pouty lips
 What nane but you maun hear?
 But you ! some secret wise
 The whilk your ain knee-bairn
 Imparts wi' starin' eyes.

Oh ! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn,
 To snuggle his roun' head
 Down in your lap, curl up his lim's,
 An' nestle aff to bed?
 An' nestle aff as though
 Your ain worn-out knee-bairn
 Had nae where else to go?

Oh! ha'e ye, then, nae knee-bairn?
Weel, ye can never ken
What 'tis to ha'e him ta'en awa',
Nor hear him roun' agen :
Nor hear him roun', but gaun
Frae sight and sense, your knee-bairn
Ye had sae doted on !

What 'tis to ha'e a knee-bairn,
That's clim' out o' your sight,
Far up along the angel-steps,
Aboon the starn o' night,
Aboon your reach or ca' !
What 'tis to ha'e a knee-bairn
Ye canna ken at a' !



MY AIN FIRESIDE.

I.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside !
My bonnie wifie's there :
My gigglin' wee-things roguish hide,
An' miss their daddie sair.
There auld-man in the corner sits,
An' ower his lang life dreams,

Wi' now and then his talkin' fits,
As blaze on hearthstane gleams.

II.

I've seen through palms the tropic sun,
I've trodden polar snows,
An' frae cauld heights that toil had won
Ha'e watched the day's repose.
Whate'er the clime, whate'er the lot,
What starn in heaven did ride,
There was for me ane single spot —
My ain, my ain fireside.

III.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside !
I hear in dreams thy glee :
There breaks in spray sweet laughter's tide,
An' nane's awa' but me.
I see them roun' the board snaw-spread ;
I hear the reverent word
Which, frae wife's lips sae fitly said,
Our Father, too, has heard.

IV.

Blue skies aboon my bonnie lan',
Gran' fludes that seek the sea,

Proud heights that roun' as bulwarks stan',
Blythe-bid my hame frae me !
Ye starns, Oh ! keep your vigils still,
Still be the exile's guide ;
And Thou, who dost a' wide space fill
Bield Thou my ain fireside !

V.

My ain fireside, my ain fireside !
I seem to catch through thee
Faint gleams o' what God does provide,
What Heaven itself shall be.
I seem to hear hame-voices there ,
I seem to see hame-thrangs :
For that hame-gathering us prepare,
An' teach us a' the sangs !



LANELY AGNES MURRAY.

I.

OH ! lanely Agnes Murray,
Wi' teeth like drifted snaw,
With mou' sae like a peach-cleft
The frosty heart to thaw ;

How sweetly do your eyelids
Quiver beneath my gaze,
While in their saften'd shadow
Your soul is a' ablaze !
In spite of widow's claethin',
Ye seem on any day
As though ye were an angel
That down to earth did stray.

II.

Oh ! lanely Agnes Murray,
I heard you greet sae sair,
When ye parted wi' your gude-man,
To meet him nevermair ;
Your een were like twa blue-bells,
A' brimmin' ower wi' dew ;
Your bosom heaved sae heavy,
Your heart was breakin', too ;
But, spite o' widow's claethin',
It seemed to me, that day,
Ye might hae been an angel
That down to earth did stray.

III.

Oh ! lanely Agnes Murray,
I saw you stan' sae fair,

Twa lily brows a-gleamin'
Atween your weel-kempt hair ;
I saw you when, on Sunday,
Ye to the altar came,
And heard your snaw-crown'd pastor
Speak out aloud your name ;
An', spite o' wedow's claethin',
It seemed to me, that day,
Ye might hae been an angel
That down to earth did stray.

IV.

Oh ! lanely Agnes Murray,
Your daintie han' has ta'en
To parchin' lips the cordial
That brought relief frae pain ;
But, while the ane sae wearie
The welcome draught did sip,
The hallow'd words were sweeter
That hinnied on your lip :
For, spite o' wedow's claethin',
It seemed to him, that day,
Ye might hae been an angel
That down to earth did stray.

V.

Oh ! lanely Agnes Murray,
Ye are sae fair and frail —

Ye are sae white and fragile,
Sweet lily o' the vale —
We aften fear the breezes
Will waft your soul awa'
Beyont our livin' vision,
Beyont our earthly ca';
For, spite o' wedow's claethin',
Ye seem on any day
As though ye were an angel
That down to earth did stray.

IN DUMFRIES KIRKYARD.

In Dumfries kirkyard lies a chiel,
Whase e'e love kindled; loof was leal;
Proud Scotia's sons, they ken fu' weel,
Though sae lang dead,
'Tis Robert Burns; by God's own seal,
A poet made.

In Ayrshire did his mither bear him,
In Ayrshire did his daddie rear him;
Nor did the great e'ed beasties fear him,
That dragged the plew;
The silly sheep ran bleatin' near him,
Wham weel they knew.

In harvest field he swung the sickle,
O' rural pastimes had fu' meikle,
At ilk man's grief his een wad trickle,
 As at his ain ;
But ah ! fu' aft his will was fickle,
 An' wrought man pain.

He wooed the secret charms of Nature,
He kenned her beauties, ilka feature ;
The bird, the mouse, ilk fearfu' creature,
 He still befriended :
The plew-crushed daisy, he maun greet her,
 Sae fair, sae ended !

How weel he sang the sacred scene,
When cotter trudges hame at e'en,
An' wi' his wifie, bairns, and wean,
 Sae humble kneels !
Sic holy joys, the weeks atween,
 His household feels.

He yielded, ah ! to stormy passion ;
He madly drank, as was man's fashion,
He sairly sinned, by his confession,
 And suffered sair ;
He sadly needed God's compassion ;
 Some need it mair.

Let daisies weep, larks mount abo'e him,
Let peasants come, who read and lo'e him,
Let a' eschew the fawts that slew him,
And laid him there ;
While Dumfries kirkyard proud shall ha'e him,
Or rin the Ayr !

THE AYRSHIRE PLEUCHMAN.

THE snaw-white daisy on the hill
Still hangs her modest head ;
The peasant drives his furrow still
Across the mousie's bed.

The banks are green on bonnie Doon,
Still flows the gurglin' Ayr ;
The woodlan' warblers are in tune,
As when *they twa* were there.

The sturdy cotter, frae the soil,
Comes singin' happy hame,
Catchin' as offset to his toil
His ingle's blinkin' flame.

Tossin' his wee things high in air,
Kissin' his wifie's lips ;
Settlin' his limbs within his chair,
Thankfu' his bowl he sips.

But where is he, these scenes amang,
Wha glints wi' poet's e'e ;
Wha as he pleuchs wad sing a sang,
Or as bairns climb his knee?

Oh, where is he that beauty sees
Where'er his footstep turns —
In Lowlan' vales, in Highlan' leas —
Proud Scotia's Robert Burns?

Be Dumfries' grasses always green
Above his pleuchman breast ;
An' blessin's on the tender een
That greet around his rest.

ROBIE BURNS.

Sae lang as Doon's a rinnin' river,
Sae lang's the share the daisy turns,
Sae lang as mice at plewmen quiver ; —
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.

Sae lang as blue-bells deck the heather,
Sae lang as baum breathe Scotia's ferns,
Sae lang as beastics dread cauld weather ; —
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.

Sae lang as Highlan's ha'e their Marys,
Sae lang as stars ha'e gowden urns,
Sae lang as lovers tine their dearies —
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.

Sae lang as hame o' nights the cotter
Wi' achin' banes frae wark returns,
Tossin' in air each gigglin' trotter ; —
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.

Sae lang as frae his han' the chalice
That's tyrant-mixed the patriot spurns,
Sae lang as Scotchmen lo'e their Wallace ; —
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.

Sae lang as man forgies his brither,
Sae lang as for his gude he yearns,
Sae lang's the weak maun lo'e ilk ither ; —
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.

Sae lang as Dumfries' sod lies vernal,
Where mony a heart his story learns,
We'll fling the husk, and tak' the kernel ; -
Our een shall greet for Robie Burns.



THE WEE-BIT BAIRN.

WE ha'e a wee-bit bairn at hame,
Sae blithesome, cannie, bright,
That ever syne the day he came,
He's filled the house wi' light.

He now is twa years auld or mair,
A' glib o' tongue and foot ;
He climbs up ilka fatal stair,
He claims ilk cast-off boot.

Bareft he toddles roun' the streets,
Wi' gran'sire close behin' ;
Giving ilk person that he meets
Piece of his childish min'.

Wha kens the wee-thing? what he'll be
When years a score ha'e gaun?
Gladdin' his mither's grateful e'e?
Piercin' her breast wi' thorn?

God gie His angels charge to keep
The bairnie, lest he stray,
An' though in death we fa' asleep,
Show him the narrow way.



ENOUGH FOR TWA.

Fu' twa-score years I've ganged my lane,
A bachelor an' a';
Sae now I'll leave my pleugh an' wain,
An' trudge alang, and tell my Jean,
That I've enough for twa.

Repeat. That I've enough for twa.
Sae now I'll trudge and tell my Jean,
That I've enough for twa.

My house is large, and sae's my hearth,
Whatever may befa';
Come days o' grief or days o' mirth,
Whichever way may turn the earth,
I ha'e enough for twa, &c.

I've flocks enough upon the hills,
An' kine within my ca' ;
The bubblin' spring my pitcher fills,
The hinney frae the comb distills,
An' there's enough for twa, &c.

However weel my barns are stored,
I'm lanely i' my ha' ;
I'm lanely at my weel-spread board :
Sae now wi' Jean I'll share my hoard ;
For there's enough for twa, &c.



FOREBODINGS.

I CAN na staunch the saut, saut tears,
That blind my bleerit e'e ;
For thou art ganging far awa'
Upon the heartless sea.

Its bosom is na saft as mine,
Na is its beat sae kind ;
Thou'rt taking a' my life wi' thee,
Yet leavin' me behind.

Gin ither lips sud meet wi' thine,
Gin ither vows thou make,

An' thou na min' thy Mary's luv,
Her lo'in' heart wad break.

An' sud thou, ah ! come back again,
An' bring a daintie bride,
Oh, dinna leuk to find me here,
But by the auld kirk's side.

For lane will rest the broken heart,
An' sleep the weary e'e,
That longed and leuked to welcome thee,
Frae owre the heartless sea.

It's unco wrang to spae sae sad
An' smiles 'twere weel to feign ;
But ah ! 'tis heavy on my heart,
Thou'lt find me ne'er again.



MITHERHOOD.

Æ dimplit han' is at my breast,
Where tossed a beaded heid at rest :
I leuk to see what it may mean,
An' meet twa roguish twinklin' een.

Far off in slumbers saft before,
Now feelin' at luv's beatin' door ;
An' sure the eager han' will win
An' mither 'll let the stranger in !

Nay, dinna pout, and dinna frown,
O' a' my joys this is the crown ;
To see thee, in thy greedy strife,
Sae tuggin' at my very life.

Tak' in thy mou' my breastie's bud,
Draw through thy lips the snawy flood :
O, press me hard wi' toothless gums,
An' dent me wi' thy tiny thum's.

'Tis hinney sweet to min' thy whims,
To soothe thy rest wi' cradle hymns,
To tumble thee in gladsome play,
An' bear thee on my heart a' day.

I dinna o' my lot complain,
I dinna grudge gudeman's domain :
How happier could a mither be,
Tnan I am aft with God and thee ?

BABIE GREETIN'.

GREETIN', babie, greetin' art thou,
Here anent my mither-breast?
Greetin'? Dost frae sleepin' start thou,
On the wave o' troublit rest?

Mither's bosom is thy pillow ; —
Win' ne'er wafted safer down ;
Mither's heart-beat is the billow,
That still lifts thee up an' down.

Here at anchor thou art ridin' ;
Far awa' is life's rough sea ;
An' the waves to peace subsidin',
In lo'e's haven reach na thee.

Mither'll kiss thy jewelled eyelids,
Mither'll kiss the lash-strung tear ;
Dinna open, lo'e, the sky-lids ;
Let blue orbs nae mair appear.

There ! Again in sleep he nestles
Roun' the centre o' my soul ;
Wi' rough seas nae langer wrestles :
Mither's kiss has made him whole.

AE MAN BEYONT THAT.

WHY will ye brak my lo'ing heart,
An' blin' wi' tears my een ;
Sae laith wi' the fell foe to part,
That comes our luve atween?
Oh, raise your loof on high, John,
An' swear before the sky, John,
To be a man beyont that ;
Beyont that, beyont that,
To be a man beyont that.

Our bairns are unco fair an' sweet,
Ae blessin' ilka hour ;
Why will ye mak them sairly greet,
An' leave them sorrow's dower?
Oh, break the gallin' chain, John,
An' never drink again, John ;
But be a man beyont that,
Beyont that, beyont that,
But be a man beyont that.

There's sin an' wae within the cup,
Although it sparkle bright,
Oh, never, never tak it up,
Nor bask ye in its light.

But dash the thing away, John,
An' tak the pledge for aye, John,
 An' be a man beyont that,
 Beyont that, beyont that,
 An' be a man beyont that.

An' bring nae drap into the house,
 Nae mair wi' cronies gang,
Down to the dram-shop to carouse,
 An' sing the drunken sang.
But stan' upon your feet, John ;
Ill powers ye'll sure defeat, John,
 An' be a man beyont that,
 Beyont that, beyont that,
 An' be a man beyont that.



WAITIN' SUPPER.

TWA barefit bairns are in the door,
 A puss in ilka lap ;
A crawling babie's on the floor,
 Hid in its daddie's cap.

The supper splutters on the fire,
 Some dish of humble kin',

Waitin' the comin' of the sire,
Whose footsteps lag behin'.

The mither, in her matron gown,
Contented, plump, and fair,
Is sittin' by the winnock down,
Their stockin's to repair.

And aft she lifts her tender e'e,
Does Johnnie trudge alang?
And aft she stills the youngers' glee,
Crooning ae lanesome sang.

Gude keep her Johnnie on his way,
And bring him safely hame:
Sud aught befa' him, wae's the day
For youngers an' for dame!



AULD AGE.

THE wee-bit bairn that toddles roun'
An' catches mony a fa',
Frae his sweet pranks ha's always foun'
Some ane to min' his ca';
But, och, when he's a bairn ance mair
An' his auld mither dead,

Wha, then, aboon afflictions sair
Will help him haud his head?

When ill he bears the weight o' years,
An' life is on its wane,
A prey to mony cares and fears,
An' wrought wi' mony a pain,
Wha'll win' her fingers in his hair,
Those locks a' siller white?
Wha'll kiss wi' luve his haffets bare,
An' ca' him her delight?

He'll crouch a' day beside the door,
Sae desolate an lane,
His bleerit een upon the floor,
His clutch upon his cane;
An' aft will drap the saut, saut tear,
An' trickle slowly down;
An' frae his shattered hulk ye'll hear
Ae melancholy soun'.

But she wha lo'ed him when a child,
An' staunched his ilka tear,
Wi' nursery sangs his waes beguiled,
Till smiles did reappear,
Lang syne has gaun to holy rest
Wi' blessings on her head;

Nae mair she'll haud him to her breast,
Nor lay him aff to bed.

Auld man, ye maun nae greet sae sair ;
Tak' heart ; ye're gangin' hame ;
Ye'll ha'e gude care forevermair,
If ye but rax the same ;
An' your Redeemer's unco near,
An' kens your frailties weel ;
Ye downa gang where He'll not hear,
Nor urge what He'll not feel.

THE GUDEWIFE.

THERE's ane gudewife in a' the lan' ;
Her praise the bard wad utter :
A' tlings she hauds wi' tentfu' han' ;
There's ane gudewife in a' the lan',
An' ilk man thinks he's got her.

There's ane gudewife in a' the lan' ;
The lave may fret and sputter ;
She greets wi' smiles her comin' man ;
There's ane gudewife in a' the lan',
Au' ilk man thinks he's got her.

There's ane gudewife in a' the lan' ;
In stane, ye artists, cut her ;
Skilfu' to sew, and knit, and plan ;
There's ane gudewife in a' the lan',
An' ilk man thinks he's got her.

There's ane gudewife in a' the lan' ;
She makes baith bread an' butter ;
She's keystone i' the human span ;
There's ane gudewife in a' the lan',
An' ilk man thinks he's got her.

There's ane gudewife in a' the lan' ;
Why sud Sir Adam mutter ?
'Tis just as 'twas in Eden's plan ;
There's ane gudewife in a' the lan',
An' ilk man thinks he's got her.

There's ane gudewife in a' the lan' ;
There is nae ither but her ;
She bears her Maker's perfect bran' :
There's ane gudewife in a' the lan',
An' ilk man thinks he's got her.

ITHER DAYS.

OH, Mary, min' thee o' the days,
When, like the prattlin' burn
That 'mang the simmer claver plays,
We linked at will through woodlan' ways,
Ae kiss at ilka turn.

Meikle of luvè was i' thine e'e,
Though scantie were thy words ;
Thy leuks fu' weel contented me,
Synè it was nae sair task to see
Thy heart loupèd like a bird's.

Beneath a simple hat of straw,
Wi' luvè-knots on the side,
I keeked, wi' ill-concealit awe,
Distraught wi' joy, as fancy saw
My manhood's cannie bride.

We climbed upon an auld gray stane,
Within the burly brook ;
O' troutin' I wad soon ha'e nane,
For it 'gan be to me owre plain
I did na min' my hook.

I spied twa little hingin' feet
 Aboon the burnie's lap,
 That seemed to peek into the weet,
 Like twa gray mice wi' noses neat,
 Reachin' to tak a drap.*

We'd ta'en wi' us a fav'rite beuk,
 "The Cricket on the Hearth ;"
 Nor laith was I on it to leuk,
 An' ferret frae some covert neuk,
 Suthin' to wake our mirth.

But, tender, tender tear in lieu
 Came tricklin' frae our een,
 Sae there we leuked the *carol* through,
 An' thought the story weel nigh true,
 O' us oversel's, I ween.

Oh, saft upon my rough, rough cheek
 Lay that sweet cheek of thine ;
 An' mony a word thy een did speak,
 Those happy een, sae blue and meek,
 To answerin' words i' mine.

* Her feet beneath her petticoat
 Like little mice stole in and out,
 As if they feared the light.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Those ither days, those ither days,
O' early luvè the seal ;
Nae lays o' mine can suit their praise,
But sud God gie us *ither days*,
We'se luvè ilk ither weel.

MY AIN GUDEWIFE.

My ain gudewife, saft hair o' brown
Still shades thy brow, thy beauty's crown !
An' faulds luxuriant, silken, fa',
Whene'er unbound, it tumbles a' ;
Though siller threads ha'e, here and there,
Been woven 'neath by wark an' care.

My ain gudewife, thy gentle e'e
Still smilin' glints to welcome me ;
An', as lang syne, love's dew somehow
Still gathers on thy red-ripe mou' :
Scarce aulder, but yet sweeter far
Than when we trysted 'neath love's star.

Five bairnies we ha'e ca'd our own ;
The fourth has frae our nestie flown !
Like plants aroun' us, strang and ta',
Are three, wha answer to our ca' ;

While Edie wee, last o' the crowd,
Comes wi' blue een, and hair o' gowd.

We've foun' leal frien's; the fause are gaun;
Steadfast ha'e kept life's journey on;
Now shadowed in the vale, and now
Upon the mountain's sun-lit brow:
O' ills and joys ha'e had fu' share;
They've made us lo'e ilk ither mair.

Some day — God grant it come fu' late! —
We'se part, at yonder e'enen gate!
Some day will lay on ane's sad breast
The ither's head, i' sweet, sweet rest!
An' ane, bereft, alane will gang,
Until we meet the blest amang.

Some day! God grant before it dawn
Their loins weel-girt, their sandals on,
We see our bairnies, staff in han',
Wi' faces tow'rd the better lan',
While angels roun' their pathway keep;
An' then content we'se fa' asleep.

THE BABIE.*

NÆ shoon to hide her tiny taes,
Nae stockin' on her feet ;
Her supple ankles white as snaw,
Or early blossoms sweet.

Her simple dress o' sprinkled pink,
Her double, dimplit chin,
Her puckered lips, and baumy mou',
With na ane tooth within .

Her een sae like her mither's een,
Twa gentle, liquid things ;
Her face is like an angel's face :
We're glad she has nae wings.

She is the buddin' o' our luve,
A giftie God gied us :
We maun na luve the gift owre weel ;
'Twad be nae blessin' thus.

* In the copy of sheet music published by Ditson & Co.
this stanza is introduced as a chorus : —

Bonnie babie, clean and sweet,
Now ye craw, and now ye greet.
Nane but God can ever see
What ye are to wife and me.

We still maun lo'e the Giver mair,
An' see Him in the given;
An' sae she'll lead us up to Him,
Our babie straight frae Heaven.



THE LITTLE MITHER.

Wi' een o' blue, an' hair o' gowd,
Wi' chiselled chin, an' angel-browed,
Ae little mither warks her way
Frae room to room the livelang day.

O' bairnies she's her apron fu' —
Daddies and mithers, babies too,
Frae unclad ane to weel-dressed man,
Frae ane inch lang to twice ae span.

She gi'es them drink, she gi'es them food,
Sae tentfu' o' the little brood;
An' mither-like, when she's awa',
She thinks she hears her bairnies ca'.

She hushes them at e'enen prayers,
An' ilk ane for its couch prepares;
Nor will she put them aff to bed
Until they all *their* prayers ha'e said.

Ane half sae weel sud she but do,
When she becomes a mither true,
Her bairns, brought up wi' mither art,
Frae the gude way will ne'er depart.

O ye wi' lengthened trains an' purses,
Wha gi'e your bairns to pagan nurses,
Nae pattern tak' of ane anither,
But learn ye o' the little mither.



LEARNIN' TO GANG.

BABIE maun ha'e done wi' creepin';
She maun learn to gang;
There's nae harvest worth the reapin',
Gowden fields amang,
There's nae treasure worth the keepin',
Without tuggin' lang.

On her tiny footie stan' her,
On her limber lim';
Face about! you maun comman' her,
Never min' her whim!
You'll misgive you, if you scan her,
Tott'rin' on the brim.

There she toddles, haltin', droopin',
Just about to fa' ;
Mither hauds her, downward stoopin',
Rinnin' to her ca' :
Daddie stan's there, becknin', whoopin' ;
Boist'rous are they a'.

Now, at last, the trip's completed,
Wi' its storms and calms ;
In her daddie's lap she's seated,
Nestlin' in his arms ;
Wi' a hundred kisses greeted,
Brow, and cheeks, and palms.

Back and forth, between them headin',
Like a freighted craft,
Colors flyin', arms outspreadin',
How at her they laughed !
Saft, as though on thistles treadin' —
You'd ha'e thought them daft.

You'd ha'e thought them addle-headed,
Cheeks a' red wi' flame ;
Ne'er sic joys had they twa wedded,
Since the toddler came ;
While, like shuttle wi' love threaded,
Babie made them game.

THE CHRIST'NIN' O' THE BABIE.

IN her robe o' driven snaw,
Meekly wond'ring at-it a',
Man and gudewife babie bring
To the kirk for christening.

Clad sae fair frae head to feet,
Never seemed she half sae sweet ;
Wi' twa een sae deep an' blue,
Like twa pansies wet wi' dew.

Is her mither ony proud
Of her wavy hair o' gowd?
Proud is she o' broidered dress,
That she faulds i' half distress?

Will she greet, or will she craw?
Sic a crowd she never saw ;
As they to the altar come,
'Mang the bairns, there is a hum.

When the pond'rous organ soun's,
This her little heart confoun's ;
Mither catches quick her han',
An' she seems to understan'.

When on God the pastor ca's,
When the drippin' water fa's,
Tremblin' is her little mou' ;
Will she greet or will she coo ?

She but droops, her face to hide
Daddie's shelterin' neck beside,
Like some tiny buddin' flower
From beneath a mornin's shower.



JEAN ANDERSON, MY JOY.

JEAN ANDERSON, my joy, Jean,
Just lay your loof in mine,
An' let us talk thegither
O' days of auld lang syne.
The sun is wearin' low, Jean,
An' death is drawin' near ;
'Tis growin' hard for baith to see,
'Tis growin' hard to hear.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
I kenn'd ye lang ago,
When ye were but a wee thing,
That toddlin' roun' did go ;

An' I was but a child, Jean,
A boastfu' boist'rous boy,
That pulled ye in his wooden cart,
Jean Anderson, my joy.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
I comp'nied ye to school ;
Your basket hung between us,
To keep the gowden rule :
An', hameward when we strolled, Jean,
It was a joy fu' sweet
For us to gang our lane, and pluck
Spring violets at our feet.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
When first we twa were wed
Your cheeks were like the blush-rose,
As dewy and as red ;
Your c'en were like the sky, Jean,
As gentle and as blue ;
An' oh, your trustfu', wifely touch,
It thrilled me through and through.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
Ye've been my anely lo'e ;
I lo'ed ye in your bairnhoid ;
I've lo'ed ye steadfast through ;

I lo'ed your girlhood curls, Jean ;
I lo'e the locks of snaw
That Time has drifted on your head,
An' spring will never thaw.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
Our bairns, they too are grown ;
An' roun' the cheerfu' ingle
Have wee things o' their own :
Three lives I think we've lived, Jean,
Since we were girl and boy —
Our ain, our bairnies', and *their* bairns' —
Jean Anderson, my joy.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
There is ane life beyon',
An', though I'm dull o' hearin',
I seem to catch its soun' ;
An' through the mist I see, Jean,
Heights o' that gowden lan',
Up which we baith shall mount to God,
Led by his lo'in' han'.

Jean Anderson, my joy, Jean,
It makes cauld bluid leap warm,
To think *that* Hame we're nearin',
Beyon' Life's beatin' storm ;

To think that there at last, Jean,
We'll lean upon His breast,
Who gathers wearie, waitin' anes,
An' gi'es them His ain Rest.

BABIE'S FIRST SHOON.

THOSE pink taes, oh, wha wad hide
Wha wad ha'e those ankles tied?
Captives held in ilka shoe,
What wad little toddler do?
Is he man, or is he brute,
That wad cramp ilk dimplit foot,
Clean an' white as snaw or milk,
Saft to touch as ony silk?

But the thing, it maun be done!
Barefit she na mair may run!
Pair o' blue, or pair o' pink?
Gowd wad suit her weel, I think:
Blue to match her een we seek,
Pink to match her lip an' cheek:
Yes, she needs anither pair,
Gowden, like her gowden hair!

Shoon for babie we ha'e bought,
Not without the after-thought,
Now she's clad frae top to tae,
Wha will tell where she may gae?
Soon she'll slip frae daddie's knees,
Soon she'll toddle where she please,
Nor will deign to ask us soon
To select a pair o' shoon.

Little lassies, could they last!
Little feet, they grow sae fast!
Wad there were some rigid laws,
That sud gar our wee-things pause.
When they are sae limp and sweet,
When they ha'e sic supple feet;
Wad we could some art devise,
Haud them i' their ankle-ties!

THE SCOTCH ELDER'S SUNDAY RIDE.

79

TO
MY NOBLE FRIEND AND PARISHIONER,
GENERAL GEORGE W. BALLOCH,
THIS "OWER TRUE TALE"
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

THE SCOTCH ELDER'S SUNDAY RIDE

"OH, rough, rude, ready-witted Rankin,
The wale o' cocks for fun an' drinkin',
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams and tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin'
Straight to Auld Nick's.

"Ye ha'e sae mony cracks and cants,
An' in your wicked, drunken rants
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fi' them fou';
An' then, their failin's, flaws, and wants
Are a' seen through." — BURNS

MINE is nae rhyme o' Tam O'Shanter
A streakin' hameward on wild canter;
His mear red-wud frae clutchin' witches,
An' loupin' over brigs and ditches,
Tempestuous weather roun' him howlin',
His gudewife by the ingle scowlin';
Nor yet the ride o' Johnnie Gilpin,
Wi' dogs and boys ahint him yelpin',
While quick before, the folk a' scatter
Ilk speirin' ilk, What is the matter?

Alarm at length turned into laughter,
To see the postboy thund'ring after,
With ither steed down on him bearin',
An' mair John's luckless courser scarin'.
Mine is the tale of a Scotch Elder
An' his mear Kate, — a tether held her, —
That by his side, on thistles feedin',
Was weel content, while he was readin', —
Nane o' that stuff o' Watts's scribblin',
The sacred text by art enfeeblin', —
But the strang words o' auld King David,
Frae carnal desecration savèd ;
A-takin' thus his Sunday noonin',
On what he read pond'rin' and croonin',
Alike himsel' and beastie treatin',
Ere ither folk might come to meetin'.

An Ayrshire worthy, ycleped Rankin,
Wham Burns has chid for fun an' drinkin',
Altho' 'twad tak a shrewd an' wise man,
O' thae same fau'ts to clear th' exciseman,
An' 'tis ower plain, beneath the chidin',
A smile complacent there was hidin' !
This Elder on the common spied he,
An' eager for his prey lang eyed he,
Like drownin' wretch, within a-clutchin',
To fix some stain on his escutcheon.

For aft the Elder had reproved him,
Until he — weel, he never loved him —
Takin' reproof in sic high dudgeon
As though he struck him wi' a bludgeon,
An' not at a', as though 'twere unction
Poured on his pate i' holy function.

Just then there was a contest wagin
The country through, like wildfire ragin',
Between the auld light and the newer ;
An' men o' sense grew few and fewer,
An' baith lights seemed to burn the bluer,
While a' the talkers talked the louder,
An' a' the proud anes grew the prouder,
Till it was hard wark to discover
Auld light or new, when a' was over.

Weel, while the Elder's mear was feedin',
Her maister, half unconscious, leadin',
Said Rankin joined the Sunday party,
Gie'in' the Elder greetin' hearty :
“ An' wad ye help a fellow-sinner,
Wha reads o' heav'n, and wants to win there ?
Here is thing dark ; wad ye unlock it ? ”
Takin' his Bible frae his pocket.
The Elder paused, nae little flattered,
His wa's o' prejudice down battered,

Weel pleased could he convert his neebor
On him to gi'e this Sunday labor.
An' sae they talked, and still kept talkin',
The mear ahint them nibblin', walkin'.
The thing *was* dark, but still grew clearer ;
Nae parson ever had sic hearer :
The rain frae cloud at last outburstin',
As though on lan's lang parched and thirstin' :
Silenced, convinced at last, he listened,
An' in his een the tear-drap glistened.

While they were thus bent on ilk ither,
The folk to kirk had come thegither :
Parson was deep within his sermon,
Discoursin' on The Dews o' Hermon,
Aloft on wings o' fancy soarin',
Or luckless ancient sinners scorin',
His brither Elders, head-drooped, snorin'.

At length, o' abstract thought grown wearie,
A drap o' suthin' wad be cheerie !
They felt, they leuked, they thought, they said it ;
'Twas Rankin first, to his discredit !
Wee drap he had, they twa maun tak' it ;
He'd haud it to the light, and shak' it. —
It was nae faut sic as we mak' it !
They did not hedge themsel's wi' pledges,
To keep frae slippin' aff the edges ;

Maist prudent souls, and e'en kirk members,
Wad aften toddle on their timbers ;
But, frae their cups they restit one day,
Nor ever wad be drunk on Sunday. —
Wee drap he had, and out he brought it
Frae his deep pouch, wherein he sought it.
The Elder scanned the movin' creature,
An' I maun add, he lo'ed ilk feature !
She seemed e'en fairer, then, on Sunday,
Than he had ever kenned her Monday ;
An' sae his will had a' surrendered,
Before the bottle had been tendered.

· They teuk ane drap, and found it smoothin' ;
They teuk ane mair — 'twas saft and soothin' ;
An' as they drank, ilk saw the better,
An' Rankin owned himsel' a debtor.
The Elder thought — he grew light-hearted —
His neebor was weel nigh converted.
Sae, havin' finished that ane bottle,
Anither ane they quickly throttle :
For Rankin, on to vengeance goaded,
Had to the field come double-loaded ;
An' now frae out his breast-coat linin'
Drew forth anither tempter shinin',
Till 'cross the Elder flashed a glimmer,
Like the first swallow o' a simmer,

Himself dead-drunk he had been drinkin',
An' fast into a quagmire sinkin'.
"Light bless my een! What does confuse me?
It canna be that I am boosy!
I thought I was a soul convertin';
I've tint my ain, I'm weel nigh certain!
To baith the kirk, as weel as session,
I'll ha'e to mak' a fu' confession;"
An' yieldin', then, to growin' stupor,
"I'm drunk," he groaned, "as ony trooper."

Not then at loss was neebor Rankin,
His restless een wi' mischief blinkin',
An' now put up to his best mettle,
By ane bauld stroke, auld scores to settle;
An' thus discoursed he to the Elder,
As bringin' up the mear, he held her:
"Braw Kate," he said, "is staid and steady,
Nor ever frolicsome or heady;
Gin I upon her back can mount you,
Just safe at hame I shall account you.
Sic trustie beast, ha'e she but man on,
Will carry straight as ball frae cannon.
Sae be not now disturbed or troubled."
Wi' this, the Elder up he doubled,
An' by main strength, set him astraddle
The mear, upon his weel-worn saddle.

Then, 'neath her tail a loyal thistle
He slyly tucked, and gied a whistle !

Down drapped her ears, aff she was spinnin',
As though she fled frae Sunday sinnin' ;
Down drapped her ears, the thistle spurrin' ;
Houses and woods apast were whirrin' ;
The Elder's head was in sic muddle,
That he could shun nor ditch nor puddle ;
Nor in himsel' was he conceited
That he could haud where he was seated.
But hameward thunderin' and splashin',
Kate teuk him at a rate maist dashin' ;
His heid fell aff in ilk direction,
Like some poor gobbler's, wi' his neck wrung ;
The mair her bridle-rein he tightened,
The mair mad Kate was sairly frightened.

It strangely turned, beyont prevision,
To bring guid folks into derision,
That, past the kirk as they went sailin',
The people frae the porch were skailin' ;
The parson grave, and solemn session,
A-bringin' up the lang procession ;
Just as they came frae service solemn,
Gudemen an' gudewives in ane column ;
The laddies wi' the lassies blinkin',
Now edgin' up, now backward shrinkin' ;

Standin' for a few words o' partin',
Before they a' were hameward startin';
Just as they came frae psalm completed,
By this mad apparition greeted !

They kenned the mear, they kenned the rider,
Not some wild ane, a bauld outsider,
But the staid man, wha in Scotch bonnet
Passed them the plate, wi' what was on it.
Nae language that the muse can borrow
Can right portray their speechless horror —
Can right portray the wicked scandal,
Nor how the warld the thing did handle ;
It wad nae mair ha'e raised their wonder,
As he drove by wi' splash and thunder,
Had he been some auld risen Norseman,
Or had he been a headless horseman,
Or had he been a sheeted spectre !
An' Kate, some imp seemed to infect her ;
For, huggin' close her fierce tormentor,
The beastie tremblit to her centre ;
Wi' een o' flame, nostrils dilated,
She neither fear nor speed abated.
An' what was waur, aroun' her gathered
The hale horse-tribe that fed untethered ;
The lang-tails, bob-tails, wi' mane streamin',
A-limpin', loupin', een a glcamin',

Ilk colt an' mear, an' unused stallion,
Went plungin' on in lang battalion,
Behin' her in rude order fallin',
An' thundrin' past, a host appallin' !
On, on they went, as though foe chargin',
Or like the swine down the lake's margin !
How far they'd gone — I've thought upon it,
An' by my gran'sire's auld Scotch bonnet,
To calculate I've not been able ; —
When hove in sight braw Katie's stable,
Where she had aften fand protection,
An' had of oats sweet recollection ;
Though now, I'm sure, sic imp was in her,
She had nae thought o' comin' dinner :
To reach this goal her neck outstretchin',
An' o' relief a sigh forth-fetchin',
She put new length into her movement !
The Elder fand it nae improvement ;
But he nae langer made resistance,
An' sae quick dune was a' the distance ;
But there she stopped ! Like blow it felled her ;
An' on the midden shot the Elder !

An' here the Muse maun drap the curtain,
In this alane weel fixed and certain :
They gar'd the Elder mak' confession
Before the kirk, as weel as session ;

Fathomed the trick whilk had been played him,
The creature-weakness that betrayed him ;
An' on a Sunday, kindly hinted
That to himsel' he sud be stinted,
Nor undertake some wily pagan
To leave him headlang thrawn like Dagon.
Ane soul outspake, maist unforgivin' :
" Sic saunts as that he'd ne'er believe in,
Whether they might be dead or livin' ! "
" Ah weel ! but you maun just remember
That men maun build o' their best timber ! "
Replied the parson, bland and knowin',
" Where ha'e *we* better, cut or growin' ? "

• —••—

NAE GUDEWIFE.

AN' sae ye want nae gudewife
To bide for you at hame,
To keep a' snug an' warm your nest,
An' feed the blinkin' flame ;
The blinkin' flame that plays
In een o' your ain gudewife,
That chides your lang delays.

AN' sae ye want nae gudewife,
Wi' daintie han' an' fit ;

An' voice sae like ae weddin'-bell,
 Wi' mony tunes in it ;
 Wi' changes a' day lang,
 Rung by your ain gudewife,
 Her housewife wark amang

An' sae ye want nae gudewife
 To bustle brisklie roun',
 Agenst she hears her gudeman's fit,
 A-comin' frae the town ;
 A-comin' cauld or wet,
 Where by the fire his gudewife
 The braid-backed chair has set.

An' sae ye want nae gudewife
 Wi' twinklin' een to wait,
 Wi' red-ripe kisses on her mou',
 To greet you at the gate :
 To greet wi' upturned face
 The gudeman, his ain gudewife,
 Sae fu' o' wifely grace.

An' sae ye want nae gudewife,
 To spread the claith o' snaw,
 An' set the toast and butter on,
 An' put the tea to draw :
 To draw, and mak' the room,

Where is your ain gudewife,
Fragrant wi' its perfume?

An' sae ye want nae gudewife!
Weel live your lane and dee!
But just drap in and see the board
My gudewife spreads to me;
To me, while ye are glum,
Because ye ha'e nae gudewife,
An' can na get a crumb.

MIRK MONDAY.

DRIVE the mirk frae aff thy brow:
What's the guid o' scowlin' ?
Though the airs are fu' o' snaw,
An' the win's o' howlin',
What's the guid o' lookin' blue?
You and I shall stacher through.

Drive the mirk frae aff thy brow;
Show a gleam of simmer:
There's nae day without its flaw;
Glow'rin' mak's it dimmer.
What's the gude o' lookin' blue?
You and I shall stacher through.

Drive the mirk frae aff thy brow ;
Let us ha'e clear shinin' ;
Let the croakin' corbies caw ;
'We'll ha'e nane o' whinin'.
What's the guid o' lookin' blue?
You and I shall stacher through.

Drive the mirk frae aff thy brow ;
That'll clear the weather :
Then let a' the rough airs blaw :
We are safe thegither.
What's the guid o' lookin' blue?
You and I shall stacher through.



HEID O' THE HOUSE.

A PRIEST was through his parish one day walkin' :
I'm wrang ; 'twas naethin' but a minister :
'Twas in the heather lan', the lan' o' cakes,
An' na the lan' o' bogs an' wakes ;
When, lo ! sic rumblin' mutters sinister,
Sic thunder-peals, sic boist'rous talkin',
Came frae the troublit wame
O' ane mud-shinglit hame,
That he went to it, quickly stalkin'.

He struck his staff agenst the panel oaken,
As though he wad the deid awaken ;
There was nae lull within, nor sign o' ceasin' ;
The storm instead went on increasin',
Until the very wa's were shaken ;
When on the wooden hinges croakin',
The door he sturdy turned,
An' then aghast he learned
What bogles were this gale provokin'.

He fand the laird an' mistress hetly clashin' ;
They were, indeed, twa chiels weel mated ;
A Scotch-born bonnie lass, and her braw laddie,
That held, that day, fu' high the heidie,
Frae whilk their wedded bliss they dated :
But now wi' tongue ilk ither fashin',
Like cats wi' wrath fu' black,
Forth spittin' fire and back,
An' chattels at ilk ither dashin'.

Nonplussed, he wad the field speedy ha'e quitted,
Doubtfu' to gain footin' or hearin' ;
But they, likewise, aghast at him, were waitin'
For breath, to gi'e their cause a statin',
The guid man's admonition fearin' ;
When, like a flash, bein' Scotch-witted,

The situation takin',
An' awkward silence breakin',
To speak, his overhingin' brow he knitted.

But, first, he leuked frae ane untill the ither,
Baith mickle-blawn, red-cheeked, an' heated,
Wi' towseled heids, flame-red, an' een a-flashin',
Just as they were, when they were clashin', —
They'd just withdrawn, the battle half completed ;
An' then he said, half jestin', —
Few words it was compressed in, —
“ Whilk man's heid o' the house, my brither ? ”

The man, as blunt as he, an' sae high-mettled,
Sic undecided battle wagin',
Had surely been or mair or less than human,
Thus held at bay by mortal woman,
Had he nae war within him ragin'.
The guid man's wit him further nettled :
Sae back he hetly stated :
“ The very thing debated ;
Just tak' a seat until 'tis settled ! ”

DROUKIT DAFT.

I'm droukit daft wi' mither-joy,
Licht-heartit an' licht-heided ;
I'm droukit daft wi' my ain boy,
To him I am sae wedded.
A' day an' night upon my heart
A burden sweet I hauld him ;
Waukin' or sleepin' I've the art
Still close to me to fauld him.

I'm droukit daft wi' my ain boy,
Wi' ower delight I'm droukit ;
Sae like a bairn, wi' some fresh toy,
I kenna how to bruik it.
Or, like a pansie fu' o' dew,
Wi' God's ain sun downshinin' ;
A tremblin' wi' its e'e o' blue,
Its wat-drenched heid inclinin'.

Itthers may i' their fashion whirl,
Their achin' hearts disguisin',
An' gi'e them to the empty warl,
Sic mither-life despisin' :

Trippin' till morn, wi' daintie feet
Encased in snawy satin ;
My fit obeys his ca' sae sweet,
Frae matin unto matin.

Some folk gae daft frae growin' rich,
An' some gae daft frae drinkin',
An' some lo'e buiks to sic a pitch,
That they gae daft frae thinkin' ;
But I'm gaun daft frae very bliss ;
I'm fu' o' inward laughter ;
It bubbles up in ilka kiss,
Whilk only makes me dafter.

I'm fu' o' sangs as are the birds,
As lambies fu' o' frolic ;
I'm ne'er at loss for playfu' words,
Nor ever melancholic ;
I'm droukit daft wi' mither-joy,
As frae deep fountain wellin' ;
I'm droukit daft wi' my ain boy,
A' day upon him dwellin'.

Never kenned what God had dune
When he sent Andyr to me ;

It set my life to sic a tune !
What if it sud undo me ?
What if, for very joy I dee,
An' leave him to anither ?
Ah ! that wad never do for me ;
I maun be still his mither !

SKAILIN' FORTH FRAE KIRK

I LO'E to mark the guidfolk
A-skailin' forth frae kirk ;
Accoutred i' their haimilt claith,
Weel kept frae wear an' wark :
I lo'e to mark their rev'rent ways ;
The lingerin' leuk of awe an' praise.

There comes a group o' bairnies,
Sae gran' i' tartan drest ;
Meikle o' wisdom i' their heids,
Their twinklin' mirth suppress :
Nae wantonness, nae idle play,
Sae douce upon Gude's halie day.

The laddies wi' the lasses,
I' pairs, thegither cleek ;

I lo'e to mark luv'e's simmer rose
Half blawn on maiden cheek ;
I lo'e to hark ilk falt'rin' word,
Sae timid spak, sae eager heard.

I lo'e to mark the auld folk,
Their haffets crowned wi' snaw,
Ilk claspin' ithers runklit han's,
Sae lo'in' still withdraw :
Their honored heids a' downward bowed,
Like harvest grain i' shooks of gowd.

Some loiter I' the kirk-yard,
Whare mony an achin' heid
Lies hid beneath the sweet, sweet clods :
The late, the lang-syne deid ;
The path their faithers a' ha'e trod
To rax the upper House o' God.

They stap i' yonder hamlet,
They loup across the burn :
Hame through, they a' sae doucely gae ;
A' lost to sight by turn.
The kirk stan's lane, an' wholly gaun
The halesome pageant we leuked on.

ILK NIGHT AT MITHER'S KNEE.

HA'E you forgot, now we ha'e bairns,
When you an' I were lass an' lad,
How, i' our snawy night-dress clad,
We knelt ilk night at mither's knee?

We tauld her a' our bairnheid fauts,
An' then she faulded ilk plump palm,
An' as we prayed, like Sabbath calm
It seemed to kneel at mither's knee

Ha'e you forgot, though lang ago,
Her han' sae sweet on ilka heid?
What wad we gi'e, when our hearts bleed,
To kneel agen at mither's knee?

I kenna what the warld may ha'e,
What halie spots my fit may climb;
I doubt if ane be mair sublime
Than that, ilk night, at mither's knee.

Among the bluid-bought anes aboon,
When you an' I, at last, shall stan',
'Twill be because o' that sweet han',
Ilk night we knelt at mither's knee.

WIMPLIN' BURNIE.

WIMPLIN' burnie, whither awa',
Through the wood, an' doun the fa',
Black wi' shade, an' white wi' faem,
Whither awa' sae fast frae hame?

Wood-birds on thy sparklin' brink
Dip their bills, an' thankfu' blink,
Mak' the forest-arches thrill
Wi' their warblin' sang an' trill.

Where thy stanes are green wi' moss,
Barefit bairnies wade across, —
Thrustin' i' 'ilk covert neuk,
Writhin' worm on treach'rous hook.

Clover-breathin' humane cows,
Stan' beneath the apple-boughs,
Lash their tails and chew their cud,
Knee-deep in thy coolin' flood.

Thou art glidin' smooth an' meek,
While craigs lie upon thy cheek;
Through the simmer an' the glow,
'Neath the winter an' the snow.

What's thy life, I dinna ken !
But thou art to earth an' men,
That Gude gi'es, the richest gift,
Frae His hame within the lift.

EFTER THE MILKERS.

EFTER the milkers, the fu'-uddered kye,
Wi' red on her mou' and lo'e i' her eye,
Efter the milkers she gaed wi' a sang,
A callin', a callin', an' dreamin' along :
 "Coom hame ! coom hame !"
Efter the milkers she gaed.

Efter the milkers she wrang strayed afar ;
Doon gaed the sun, out-glintoned a star ;
Out-glintoned a sternie, a' tremblin' an' lane ;
An' she ca'd, an' she ca'd for the milkers in vain :
 "Coom hame ! coom hame !"
Efter the milkers she gaed.

The echoes were busy, the echoes are still ;
Somewhere the lost milkers ha'e eaten their fill ;
A kiss on the mou' has silenced the maid,
Efter the milkers a callin' that gaed :

"Coom hame! coom hame!"

Efter the milkers she gaed.

Doun came the milkers, the fu'-uddered kine,

A looin', a looin', i' lang, stragglin' line;

A looin', a looin' for sight o' the maid,

Efter the milkers a callin' that gaed,

"Coom hame! coom hame!"

Efter the milkers she gaed.



O' MY GUIDMAN.

BLYTHE-BID me o' my guidman,

Wha drie's the pleugh at dawn,

Behin' the great-e'd beastie's feet,

Wat-beaded frae the lawn;

Wi' luve-glint in his manly e'en,

And sunburn on his cheek,

Blythe-bid me o' my guidman;

His match ye need na seek.

Blythe-bid me o' my guidman,

Wha came ane simmer morn,

When hinnied claver was i' blume,

An' tasseled out the corn;

Wha came and teuk me by the han',
An' pledged that he wad be,
Come weel, come wae, alang life's road,
A guidman unto me.

Blythe-bid me o' my guidman ;
Nae breedin' high had he ;
His mind's nae stored frae classic beuks,
An' schules o' high degree ;
He's walked wi' Gude beneath the lift,
An' owre his fields o' green :
Rare lessons read in water-rins,
An' i' the heights serene.

Blythe-bid me o' my guidman,
Wha earns our daily bread ;
Wha lifts the bairns upon his lap,
An' straiks ilk youngster's head.
An' when the gloamin' is abraid,
Wha bends ilk night the knee,
An' to our Father up aboon,
Commends our babes an' me.

Blythe-bid me o' my guidman,
Wha maks life brim wi' joy ;
An' seems to luv me owre agen
In new-born lass and boy :

Wha i' the darksome day o' dule,
When heids hang down wi' grief,
Kens how to soothe me like a bairn,
Until I find relief.

Blythe-bid me o' my guidman,
Sud we outli'e fourscore ;
I sud not then half find him out,
But lo'e him more an' more.
The bloomin' almond on his brow.
An' his saft, dimmin' e'e,
Still kindlit up wi' early luv,
Wad pleasure wark in me.

THE HARVEST LASSIE.

THE lark, a' beadit her fu' breast,
Went up morn's blue a-singin',
Disturbit wi' a sweet unrest,
An' doun her warbles flingin' ;
'Twas then an e'ebly lassie first,
A bright, bewitchin' creature,
The sealit springs o' luv a' burst,
An' captured my strang nature.

We wrought thegither, lass an' lad,
Frae morn till sternie e'enen ;
She in a haimilt kirtle clad,
Braid hat her fair braw screenin' :
We sat beside the tinklin' fa'
An' tøk our harvest dinner ;
Strange hunger i' my breast did gnaw :
Wad it were mine to win her !

But, when I held her life-warm han',
To pluck the cruel nettle, —
I thought mysel' mair o' a man, —
'Twad a' my nerves unsettle :
Her snawie palm was veined wi' blue,
Wi' life's strang current beatin' ;
Her cheeks now gained, now tint their hue,
In answer to my greetin'.

Aboon the shoone, her feet that boun',
Her ankle gleamed weel-shapit ;
A modest vest her waist was roun',
To fit her form and keep it.
Her weel-kempt hair wi' ribbon tied
Like loosened burnie tumblit,
Frae tap to tae, frae side to side,
Sae tidy an' unrumplit !

How can I speak o' that luv-glint
Within her een o' azure ;
That had sae deftly hid within't
What trilled me through wi' pleasure?
That seemed to win me bauldly on,
Then awed me till I tremblit?
Doun, doun I sank till hope was gaun,
An' cauldness I dissemblit.

How can I speak o' hoo it fared,
The day I tauld lo'e's story?
Wi' that nae bliss can be compared,
Nae fame can ha'e sic glory.
That night, when a' had left the rig,
Behin', agreed, we haltit ;
I kened the time wi' fate was big ;
To meet it my heart vaultit.

Aboon the hills the harvest-mune
Her bluid-red disk was showin',
An' peace frae Gude came silent doun,
Owre a' rapt Nature flowin.
I min' me weel o' that sweet hour
In whilk behind we lingered,
An' stooped and pluckit mony a flower,
An' it to pieces fingered.

I min' we weel o' that lang kiss
Fond lips wi' first luv sealit ;
We baith were faint for vera bliss ;
Weak words canna reveal it.
I min' me weel o' that hame-walk :
Fond fit kept step thegither,
An' tongues, lo'e-loosed, minglit i' talk :
'Twas a' o' ane anither !

Weel, ere was gaun the harvest-mune
An' a' the rigs were clearit,
The man o' Gude had made us one ;
The hoo we did na speir it.
We anely kenned ilk was ilk's ai'n,
Eschewed our fortune single ;
Without, I harvest a' the grain,
She feeds, within, the ingle.

BAIRNS THEGITHER.

WHEN we were bairns thegither,
My Andyr, you an' I,
The gowden sternies i' the lift
Were nightly kindlit high;
We thought they maun be angels' een,
Blinkin' to bless our sight;
Or else the crystal winnocks, whence
Streamit celestial light.

When we were bairns thegither,
We slept up 'neath the roof,
An' heard the blithesome autumn-rain,
Wi' mony a thousand hoof;
Or waked to see the snaw-flakes lie
On trees an' hills aroun' —
A spectral host, at morn in camp,
Without a note or soun'!

When we were bairns thegither,
Wi' pants aboon our knees,
On some rude raft, we paidlit aff,
As though we sought new seas.

But aft we waded back agen,
Drippin' in sorry guise,
An' hameward skulked, twa sadder bairns,
But seldom, ah ! mair wise.

When we were bairns thegither,
We kenned ilk wimplin' burn;
We threadit a' the neeb'rin' woods,
Our store o' nuts to earn :
We climbit mony a high, high tree,
Rattlin' its burden down
Wi' frolic, on the rustlin' leaves,
That strewed the stiffened groun'.

When we were bairns thegither,
We baith maun gang to kirk,
An' sit and wauk our faither preach,
Thou aft our limbs wad irk ;
An' aft wad droop the dowerit heid,
An' blink the strainin' een :
Was it sae wrang to nod assent,
When sic a wee-bit wean ?

When we were bairns thegither,
We thought we wad be great,
An' climb life's steps until we faur'd
High niche i' kirk or state.

But mither, our guid angel then,
She wha frae evil wooed,
She heard us wi' a mither's leuk,
Ar' anely said, *Be guid!*

When we were bairns thegither,
I led you aften wrang ;
Forgie me, that my fit should stray
Forbidden things amang.
But, thanks to our guid mither's luv,
An' thanks to Gude's kind care,
We did na wander far awa',
Nor linger lang time there.



A GUDEWIFE'S PORTRAIT.

GUDEWIFE sud be always seen
Through the gudeman's partial een :
An' her praises sud be sung
By the gudeman's partial tongue.

Soft those nut-brown locks o' thine,
That on snaw-white temples shine ;

Ripplit like the glintin' san',
Where the salt faim dri'es to lan'.

Lo'esome are thy doo-like een,
Whilk thine e'ebraws arch atween;
E'elids droopin' owre luve-glint,
Frae thine orbs o' hazel tint.

White thy neck, and white thy brow
As the tremblit waterfa':
Fu' an' roundit is thy throat
As a' bird's swollen wi' note.

Thy twa neebor cheeks are each
Like first blushin' o' the peach:
Lips red-seamed mak' up thy mou',
Hinney-drippin', kindness-fu'.

There's a gentle note of laughter
Whilk thy word goes ripplin' after;
An' thy breath is like sweet mint,
Of whilk breezes gi'e us hint.

Ithers, blindit, ne'er behold
What the gudeman's tongue has told:
Aiblinks, they've nae gudeman's
A' a gudewife's parts to see.

E'esome still to me art thou,
 Frae thy fit unto thy brow,
 Glidin' here, and glidin' there, —
 Wi' a' else ayont compare.



TINKLE-SWEETIE.*

TINKLE-SWEETIE ! aught-hour bell,
 Oot aboon Auld Reekie swell !
 Ah, ye kenna what ye do,
 Tremblin' wi' yer sweet-tongued mou' :
 Naught is like yer minstrelsie,
 Ringin' Donald oot till me !

Tinkle-Sweetie ! up an' doun
 Tell thy tale to a' the toun ;
 Ither wives an' bairnies wait
 At the winnock an' the gate :
 Tak' anither turn about ;
 Ring the wearie warkmen out !

Tinkle-Sweetie ! work is dune !
 Toil may now unbin' his shoone.

* The name given by the people of Edinburgh to the bell that rings out from work at night. — JAMIESON.

Han's o' horn an' han's o' soot,
Wearie brain and wearie foot,
Frae the het and frae the grease
Ye ha'e rung them a' release.

Hame wi' us our Donald stays ;
Never to the ale-house gaes :
Never braks the country's law ;
Free frae shame his manly braw ;
Wrestlin' bairnies shin his knee,
An' he maks auld lo'e to me.

Tinkle-Sweetie ! soon may Rest
Brood aboon ilk troublit breast ;
An' the wings o' gentle Night
Fauld us till the mornin' light ;
Gird wi' strength the toiler's han's,
For anither day's deman's.

Tinkle-Sweetie ! brief Life's toil,
Brief its sorrows, dule, an' moil ;
An' yer sweet tongue seems the sign
O' the day o' life's decline :
Fit at rest, an' fauldit palm,
Taken in till Gude's ain calm !

AULD TIMBERTAES.

HE stachers a-wee, an' then doun gaes,
Sae limber his limbs, sae timber his taes ;
He's up wi' a rush. then spread oot flat,
Like a bairn that walks wi' a brick i' his hat.

Yet naethin he drinks but water or milk ;
Na, na, he's na fou', he's na o' that ilk ;
An' naethin' he eats but parritch sae hot,
Drappit i' bowl, a' steamin' frae pot.

At the door o' a' herts he's tirlin' the pin,
An we maun just rise, and let the bairn in ;
Like the sang o' a bird are his voice an' his feet,
He sets the house gigglin', his laughter's sae sweet

Ye'd tremble for him, hoo he gangs could ye see,
For mischief itsel' lurks hid i' his e'e ;
He's plottin' sae deep ilk day o' his life,
Now after yer thimble, or scissors, or knife.

He's rollin' frae bed, he's tumblin' down stairs,
He's kickin' doun blocks, an' climbin' up chairs ;
He loses his balance, gaes down on his heid,
An' lifts up a wail that maks yer hert bleed.

He's laird o' ane house, frae threshold to roof,
O' the joy that is there baith warp an' baith woof;
I dinna recount the hale o' his ways :
He's our ain KENNAWHAT, an' AULD TIMBERTAES

THE FIRST SILLER GREY.

I've spied ye, strainger, deftly there
Within the depths o' craw-black hair,
An' fear, aiblins, there may be mair,
 Beyont my vision ;
An' sae my min' I maun declare
 Wi' fu' precision.

Ye grisly carl, shrivlit and blighted,
I'm sure ye came quite uninvited :
Awa', awa', I'd not feel slighted,
 On ither heidie,
Frae Age's cloud had ye alighted,
 O' laird or ladie.

I'd na object, ava, to siller,
Were it but coint into dollar :
I've han' capacious, pocket hollow,
 Secure to hauld it ;

Or, were't a guinea gowden-yellow,
Tender I'd fauld it.

O' grey heid I'd na be ashamit ;
When Auld Age comes, na ane can blame it ;
Frae Scripture I ha'e heard it namit,
A heid a' hoary,
If not by wickedness defamit,
'S a crown o' glory !

But ye, yer man ha'e just mistaken ;
Some ither ane ye ha'e forsaken,
Some guidman elder, laird, or deacon,
Ye ha'e neglectit ;
An' ane sae braw and strang ha'e taken,
When na expectit.

Sae, though deep down ye are imbedded,
My way untill ye I ha'e threaded ;
An' now, although it maun be dreaded,
An' nerve displeases,
Without my scalp ye shall be shredded,
An' gi'en to bleezes !

THE FAR-AWA' LAN'.

Nae ane's wae-worn an' wearie,
Nae ane gangs dark an' drearie,
 I' the Far-Awa' Lan' ;
Nae frien' frae frien' is parted,
Nae chokin' tear is started,
Nae ane is broken-hearted,
 I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.

Nae bairns greet their deid mither,
Like lammies i' cauld weather,
 I' the Far-awa' Lan' ;
Nae gudewife there will sicken,
Nae strang man doun be stricken,
Nae sky wi' mirk will thicken,
 I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.

The heights are crawned wi' simmer,
The burns rin glad wi' glimmer,
 I' the Far-Awa' Lan' .
As burds win till their nestie,
As to its dam ilk beastie,
We'll win till Gude's ain breastie,
 I' the Far-Awa' Lan'.

THE LORD'S DAY E'ENEN AT THE MANSE.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

OH, day of God, upliftit mid man's week,
Oh, loan to man frae God's eternal rest,
I liken thee to some gran', sunlit peak,
Without a cloud, in autumn's glories drest.
How welcome thou, to folk by sin distrest,
Wha gather chastened in their wonted place,
Achin' to lean upon the Maister's breast,
To see their God in His Anointed's face,
To rax' His outstretched han', an tak' His proffered
 grace.

How sweet to them the Sabbath peace profoun',
That falls on hills and nestles in ilk vale!
The freedom frae the week's distractin' soun',
Frae care and toil, ilk day's exactin' tale!
Release frae man's first curse seems to prevail,
His braw nae langer sweats, nor toil his han's;
The meek, dumb beasts, wi' mony an ache an' ail,
Roam at their will through the wide pasture-lan's;
Sae does God's holy day unbin' sin's heavy ban's.

How sweet for them, by Sabbath bell address,
To pour frae rose-clung cottage and proud ha',
To come, through all the week sair-worn, untl'lest,
An' ease their burden at the Saviour's ca'!
The kirk is fu' frae near and far awa';
God's is the only grandeur reignin' there;
Free frae adornment is the simple wa';
Nae frescoed art provokes the smile or stare,
But doucely bow'd, they cast on God their ilka care.

Nor at the threshold wakes the organ gran',
Whase harmony the human spirit thrills,
Touched into life by some quick, maister han',
Till a' the sacred place wi' soun' he fills:
But, wi' saft wings as e'enen dew distils,
While over a' a heavenly silence reigns,
God's grace descends, a cure for man's worst ills;
Descends, a baum for a' his creature-pains,
And e'en life's heavier crosses seem eternal gains.

The day had set, the Pastor's work was done,
He wi' his household clustered i' the door,
The wee-things ready to burst out wi' fun,
Glad that for sax days Sunday comes nae mair
'The gran'sire, snawy frae his maist fourscore,
Wi' her, his lang-lo'ed wife, sat han' in han';
An' ranged aroun', as aft they'd sat before,

Sax bairns, a haesome, strang, united ban',
Frae gigglin' girlhood up to maid, frae boy to man.

The Pastor's work was done, but lingered still
Strange leuk within his een and on his brow ;
How vain, he thought, his utterance and skill !
How easy then to see and mark ilk flaw !
His gentle gudewife soon the sadness saw,
And quick her touch upon his shoulder laid,
An' bade him mark, frae sel' aside to draw,
An' o' the shadow on his brow afraid,
How in her lap their towmond babie leaped and
played.

An' then she held him up her face aboon,
Wi' mither sport a' beautifu' aglow,
Wi' mither art, began to chaff and croon,
In dialect that babies sae weel know.
How soon they twa the central group did grow,
An' a' the ithers flocked aroun' to hear !
E'en auldest anes, stiff-baned and stoopin' low,
Wi' han' shell-shaped upon the dull-grown ear,
Draggin' their pond'rous, braid-backed, auld arm-
chairs, appear.

This lifted aff the warld o' settlin' care,
That weighed sae heavie on the Pastor's heart :

Men's unbelief nae mair was his affair,
Nae langer teuk it in sae serious part.
An' thus brought back to earth, wi' sudden start,
He ca'd the wee-things roun' his study-chair,
Breakin' the livin' bread wi' wisdom's art,
Talkin' of God an' Christ wi' cheerfu' air,
Till he had driven far awa' ilk dark-winged care.

An' then he heard some bairn the verse recite,
Chosen that day to be the pulpit theme ;
While still anither, than the lave mair bright,
Laid bare entire the sermon's simple scheme.
Nor did this talk or dry or irksome seem,
Sic light and lo'e glow'd in his tender een ;
Nor did he check o' wit the childhood gleam,
Regardin' it with thought mature, serene,
In whilk the father and the pastor baith were seen.

On this, some hymn o' aulden time they sang,
While blendit was the quivering voice o' years
Wi' lispin's frae the youngest o' the thrang,
Sae quick to touch the soul, and melt to tears ;
For even sin nae heart o' man sae sears,
That childhood accents downa mak' him weep,
Until the pages o' past life he blears,
As backward mem'ry's wings across it sweep ;
Greetin' that as he's sawn, sic hairvest maun he reap

An' when the hymn had ceased, hushèd was ilk
soun',
An' a' bowed down i' their encircled place,
Formin' a holy group the altar roun';
Ilk heart was awed, and covered ilka face,
While words o' penitence and wondrous grace
Fell frae the chastened Pastor's tremblin' speech,
Feelin' how swift we run our earthly race,
How soon we pass beyond the Gospel's reach,
An' where nae mair the lips of man the truth can
teach.

The Pastor first bethought him o' his flock,
The flock that he sae lang had shown the way;
The hearts that heard, but answered not Christ's
knock,
And turned the Lord he preached in grief away.
His mind's e'e kenned them wanderin' astray,
As sheep without a shepherd, wildered, lost;
To them he prayed God wad their sin display;
An' ithers saw shipwrecked and tempest-tost;
To them wad show that 'twas His love their coun-
sels crossed.

Then for his ain he as a father prays;
For twa, whase heads were white wi' Age's
snaws,

That God wad crown this winter o' their days,
An' shield them in His arms frae wind that
blaws ;

That mercies sure o' David he wad cause
Upon himsel', his wife, and bairns descend ;
That seeking God, and not the world's applause,
By Him directit, e'e on life's great end,
To meet in Heaven aboon their earthly steps might
tend.

One son, devoted to his father's haly work,
Awa', the learnin' o' the schules to store,
They missed that day within the pew at kirk,
In toils and pastimes missed the week before.
Nor failed that father warmly to implore,
In whilk petition auld an' young had share,
That while thus gleanin' richest human lore,
To ken God's will might be his anely care,
And o' man's so-called wisdom, that he might beware.

The tallest lass, this brither's twin and pride,
Had hameward come but late the night before ;
Sedate and wise, she on her weel-paid toil relied,
Teachin' a schule o' urchins fu' twa-score :
A weekly pilgrim to her father's door,
She spent ilk Lord's day at his ingle-side.
Right weel she kenned it was a struggle sore

Her brither's beuks and claethin' to provide ;
For this, fu' glad, she laid her weekly pay aside.

The nestlin' bairns, the e'enen service o'er,
To kiss ilk ane gudenight aroun' were sent,
An' pattered soon upon the chamber floor,
Where nursery sangs and childhood murmurs
 blent ;
Until, at last, their pent-up forces spent,
They lay fast locked in restfu' slumbers sweet,
Forgettin' ilk the strang, determined bent,
In quest of whilk they a' wad guide their feet,
As soon as Monday's dawn their wakin' e'e should
 greet.

Nor this the only house where incense rose ;
God had an altar in ilk happy hame ;
Nor did each different circle seek repose,
Until a gratefu' group aroun' the same
Kindlit anew the sacrificial flame,
That glows in spirits humble and contrite ;
Chastening the heart to reverential frame,
An' entering thus the portals o' the night,
Thankfu' it was still day in God's clear sight.

ROBERT BURNS.

"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

"We'll drap but flow'rs an' cast nae stane."

I.

In mud-bigg'd Ayrshire-cottage born,
Amang woodlan's and heather;
When ootdoor beasties were forlorn,
In cauld, mid-winter weather;
When springin' larks nae langer mountit
Aboon the simmer meadows;
Nor could the floatin' cluds be countit
I' burnies, by their shadows;
Just as his mountain-daisy glintit
Beneath the beating storm,
On earth, unheraldit, unhintit,
Appeared the Poet's form.
The cottage wa's his faither buildit,
Ane single day, the strainger shieldit;
Then, by the beatin' tempest crumblit,
About his heid, untimely tumblit:
Mither an' wean, to neebors driven,
Bravin' the snawy airs o' heaven.

II.

And, yet, this was the cent'ry's aloe-flow'r,
Glintin' in cottage, not in mansion;

Hoardit her sweetness till that hour,
To gi'e it ane expansion!
A prince, his sceptred realm to tak'
In province lang kept waitin';
A prophet, silence lang to brak'
An' gi'e man's cause re-statin';
A seer, a' fause things to pierce,
An' strip them o' their mantle;
To haud them wi' a seizure fierce,
An' slay them by the hantle:
An', yet, a poet, sent to mark
An' lo'e ilk simplest beastie;
Frae cow'rin' mouse, to mountin' lark,
Poised upward frae her nestie!

III.

But, not frae Life's rough work was bought
For him, the least exemption:
At his ain task, he painfu' wrought:
He strugglit, suff'rit, felt, and thought,
Eschewin' nane, and shrinkin' naught,
Till Death brought him redemption.
Nae thornless road through Life he sought,
Just where he was, he entered:
He dealt his blows, where ithers fought,
There where the battle centered!
Frae early dawn, ahint the plew,
Until the sun was settin':
The mornin' an' the e'enen dew
His fit right manly wettin'.

IV.

Sprung frae a man, who feared his God,
An' a true-hertit mither:
They wrung their livin' frae the sod,
An' dwalt in lo'e thegither.
They read, they knelt, they sang their psalm,
Their praise by faith indited;
I'mirk, came doun, Gude's light an' calm,
An' a' their ills were rightit.
He taught the younkers what he kenn'd;
His ain, hard-purchased learnin';
Seekin', ilk night, at hame to blen',
The tutor wi' his earnin'.
When still he was a bairn i' years,
He gie'd a manly shouter:
He teuk man's share o' waes and tears;
He teuk Life's warly bother.
An' when his saunt-like faither died,
Because he was the auldest,
I' front, to stem grim poortith's tide
He stood him, like the bauldest.
'Twas his to tak' the guidman's place,
An' spread the big ha' Bible;
Or, bonnet-aff, to speak the grace
The lave aroun' the table.

V.

A thoughtfu', stoopin' lad he grew,
As though beneath some burden;

A lad o' moods, wha hardly knew
His life, a bane or guerdon!
Though now an' then, when sairly prest,
He spak' in sic het fashion;
Some wrang to man or beast redrest,
Kindlit to burnin' passion.
A swarthy, well-knit chiel he leuked,
Wi' black een coal-like burnin';
Wha never slight nor insult brook'd;
Nor true man's lo'e was spurnin':
Weel-pleased, to please his brither-man
Nor his ain pride concealit:
Though unco sharp a faut to scan,
Still, tender aft to shiel' it.
Kennin' and lo'ein' weel the guid,
Wi' herts na proud nor frigid,
Though paintit mask, he aften pu'd
Frae bigotit and rigid:
A chiel to gaze at, when he passed,
An' when he spak' to hear him;
Angered, to mak' ane leuk aghast:
To make ane lo'e and fear him:
Nae weaklin' nursed on Fortune's knee,
And in her lap saft dandled;
Nor even when he erred, to be
By man too rudely handled.
But, tim'rous things still lo'ed his ca',
Ilk flow'r he tender fondlit;
He pluck'd the wee-thing frae it's fa',
An' it like mither handlit.

VI.

A strange compound o' lo'e an' het,
Still kept within, unuttered:
A bird, the sky untried as yet,
Whase wings aft wildly fluttered:
To him denied the scholar's leuk,
To ken the rede o' sages;
But partial Nature spread her beuk
The wider, wi' bright pages:
A' sights and soun's that came frae her
To him had halie meanin';
He was her daily worshiper
Aboon the furrow leanin';
He saw her i' the wimplin' burn,
An' i' the blue-e'e'd woman:
Frae mouse and lark had tact to learn
Su'thin' 'twas a'maist human:
His nature was sae large aboot,
An' orb so grandly roundit,
High thing or low, he speired it oot,
An' spak it, when he found it.
For, when, belyve, his tongue he fan',
In satire grave, or humor,
There was nae chiel i' a' the lan',
The waggin' o't could weel withstan';.
For sae comes down the rumor!
The saunts, he fear'd them not ava,
But tauld their creature-failin's;
His verse was heard i' cot an' ha',

Noo ringin' oot in accents braw,
Then sad wi' puir man's ailin's;
The very doggies, too, fand tongues,
 An' at ilk ither rattlit;
Discoursin' wi' inflatit lungs
 On themes that men had battlit;
The brigs themsels, aboon the Ayr,
Were heard, ane night, disputin':
 Were barely kept frae pu'in' hair,
The Ayr, alarm'd doun-shootin'!
 An' then, he strode the warlock warl'
As though its laird an master;
 An' ghaistly hizzies set awhirl,
Nor risk'd puir Tam's disaster.
 Discoursed to him, e'en Death himsel',
That day he met the Doctor:
 While he preach'd to Auld Nick as well
As though he'd been his proctor.
 The harvest-gangs wad aften pause,
I' very het o' simmer,
 To hear his tongue deal ready blows,
Or catch o' wit his glimmer;
 He'd stap the blacksmith at his work
Haudin' the liftit hammer;
 An' set the loiterers roun' the kirk
At noontide, i' a clamor:
 Like some ta' tree still to the groun'
Its frute profuse doon-shakin',
 Regardless wha the treasure foun',
Or wha, it hame was takin'.

VII.

In him, the puir dumb beasties fan'
A judge an' a defender!
Their wrangs to right, his was the han',
To state, his voice sae tender!
An' when he tauld his ain true lo'e,
The sternies seem'd to listen;
The flowers aroun' him seem'd to know,
An' wad wi' tear-drops glisten:
The very burdies stilled their sangs,
As neath them, he walk'd croonin';
An' seemed to catch his waes and wrangs,
Their notes to his attunin';
Sae that, although his sun went down,
Before he reached twa-score,
His name i' ilka tongue is foun',
His sangs on ilka shore:
"Sweet Afton" glides where waters curl,
An' "Bonnie Doon" rins roun' the warl'!

VIII.

'Tis true, he aft forgot himsel',
An' soil'd Gude's robes aroun' him;
Alas! he kenn'd his weakness well:
Nor lo'ed the chains that bound him!
Could he ha'e held his purpose true,
Nor on fause currents drifted,
His sky had been serener blue,
Nor wad its win's sae shifted.

His nobler uses, had he kenned,
Or lived man's years allotted,
There's mony a line i' passion penn'd,
Ablins, he might have blotted:
An', when he came at last to see
Death's waters surgin' roun' him,
Wi' big ha' Bible on his knee
Fu' aft his guid-wife foun' him: *
What passed, Gude kens, in thae last hours,
He in the furnace walkin',
Between thae high contractin' powers
Gude an' himsel' there talkin';
He kenn'd fu' weel the gate to choose,
The gate sae lang forsaken;
The gate, we a' sae sadly lose:
Ablins, that gate was taken.
But, ah! we'll plead nae mair his cause;
We lo'e him still for what he was!
He was but man, man born o' woman,
Had he been mair, he'd na been human.
An' till we see his like agen,
We'll drap but flow'rs, and cast nae stane!

* See Dr. Waddell's new *Life of Burns*.

OOR KIRK FAIR,
AND
ITHER VERSES OF THAT ILK.

THESE SCOTCH VERSES
ARE DEDICATED TO
MY ONLY BROTHER,
ANDREW EVARTS RANKIN,
OF ST. JOHNSBURY, VT.

OOB KIRK FAIR.

It was twa years ago, or little mair,
At gloamin' sat I, in my wicker chair:
For, I, that day, had muckle business done,
Syne in the East had rose October's sun:
My laddie'd just put up the shutter airns;
'Tis toys I keep, and sweeties for the bairns:
Complacent was I, in my widow's cap,
Dozing a-wee, hands folded in my lap:
Thinking hoo God had blest me in my lad,
While ither chiels were aft sae loose and bad;
When who sud sudden glow'r within the door,
Gie'ing a hasty glance aroun' the store,
But, Dr. Fergus Ferguson, who stands
Ilk week before us, in his gown and bands!
It made my heart within, go pit-a-pat;
For, Janet Dunbar was na used to that:
An' mony troublit thoughts began to thrang,
O' things neglectit, an' things done wrang!—
'Tis strange, what thoughts begin to stir abroad,
At sight of him they ca' the man of God!
But, saft his step, his tone, hoo delicate!
Hoo daintily he teuk the chair I sate!
I never saw a minister sae near,
An' sae I viewed him with a holy fear.
He spak' o' Willie, an' his manly ways:
Willie's my bairn, and I could stan' his praise:

Right skillful he, to use the hinnied phrase!
An' then, he talked o' folk in forrin' parts,
O' their outlandish gods, and pagan arts:
To save these nakit horrid multitudes,
Hoo we sud consecrate oor warly goods:
Hoo sic a kirk, and sic anither too,
He tauld hoo much they had agreed to do.
An' then, he sighed, as though 'twas on his
mind,
The kirks 'foresaid, sud leave oor kirk behind:
An' then, he wished, wi' sic an anxious air,
That oor kirk, too, wad hauld a halie Fair:
He leuked aroun' my store, and praised ilk art,
Whilk I had plied to tempt the bairnie's heart;
And, then, when he had weel prepared the way,
He fu' unfauldit, what he had to say:
An' sud oor kirk conclude to hauld a Fair,
O' needful burdens, wad I tak' my share;
Wad I contribute, were it less or more,
Su' things to help, frae oot my thriftie store!
"Of course!" I said: what could a bodie say,
The thing proposed in sic an artfu' way?
I've aften thought, in plyin' winnin' words,
There's none to beat oor spir'tual under-herds:
And, sae, a wheen o' goodies and o' toys,
Of dolls for girls, and bats and balls for boys,
Before I slept, that night, I'd set aside,
Right well-contentit i' my carnal pride.
Altho' I did na count to hear my name
Within the donor-list, when Sunday came.

Oor pastor thinks, 'twere weel the right han,
knew,

What goodly deeds, the left han' means to do:
As though, they'd sort o' emulate ilk ither:

An sae the stronger, help his weaker brither:
He seems to hold, ahead o' singing psalms,
The art of gettin' a' the gifts, an' alms;
An' aft, for fear he sud na mak' it go,
He seems to me, to strain a point or so;
But, then, indeed, I'm not supposed to know.

Ah! weel, th' expectit day, at length, came
roun',

My lad and I betimes were on the groun':
For strange enough, my Willie seemed to care,
Weel-buskit first, to be the earliest there:
My Willie, whom I leuked on, as a wean,
Although, in fact, he had just turned nineteen.

Sic lassies! deck'd sae sweetly, an' sae fair!
Wi' roundit necks, an' arms a' plump an' bare!
With een, sae like the lowin' starn o' night!
Auld as I was, I ne'er had seen sic sight.
My lad, he was half crazy with delight.
An' quick I saw, what I was loth to see,
The wily creature that had caught his e'e.
My laddie! ah, the truth I'd never dreamed,
He tremblit, when she kindly on him beamed:
I then remembered, aince I'd seen at kirk,
At her he'd glint, behind her he wad lurk.
An' she was beautiful! You've seen a rose,
Mingling its pink and white, before it blows:

'Twas just like that, upon her cheek and brow ;
Ye cud na help admirin' ony how.

Yes, she was beautiful! An' when she brought
A sweet bouquet, and, then, as quick as
thought,

'ust pinned it to the lappel of his coat,
There was na utt'rance in his chokin' throat:
At first, his face gleamed like a lily, white;
An' then, it crimson flushed, sae fiery bright:
My laddie's secret, then, too well I knew;
And like a sword, it pierced my auld heart
through.

God kens hoo much it costs a mither, when
Her lad maun ha'e a lass, like ither men:
To feel anither orb maun rule his life,
God kens a mither's grief, an' inward strife!
And, sud she prove to be unworthy him!
Some passing fancy, or some idle whim!
Some syren luring on his honest barque,
To waters fickle, treacherous and dark!
God kens hoo much, a tender mither fears
A lassie may not be a' she appears;
May ply on him her charms, artfu' and coy,
An' prove, instead of gude wife, but a toy!

But, to return: Those lily hands, that
tempting face,
The tone, the figure, and the nameless grace;
Hoo could a lad like him, resist sic charm?
[I felt the tremor, as I held his arm.
The deed was done! And, then I heard her say,

"Anely a half-crown for the sweet bouquet!"
A half-crown! Yes. It made my laddie start,
But, she had pinned it next his beating heart:
He gave the sum; for she had made him mad;
Although 'twas a' the honest laddie had!

I watched her practising the winnin' game
On ither laddies, as they went and came:
The same sweet look: the same saft, thrillin'
word,

Which just before, my eager lad had heard,
"A half a crown, if pinned aboon your heart!"
Fast went the flowers, sold by woman's art.

An e'enen passes quickly at a Fair,
Altho' my heart beat heavy, sad and sair;
I saw the raffin' gangin' on aroun';
I heard the auctions, with their deaf'ning soun';
The giddy laughter, and the merry calls
Frae out the cabins, tents, and booths, and
stalls:

And, aince, I caught a glimpse o' lads and
girls,

Dissolvin' in the dance's mazy whirls;
Although they all denied it stout and flat,
That in God's House, they'd do the like o' that!
I know, at this, our pious Pastor grieves;
Although he sheds his tears—within his
sleeves!

He thinks it weel to play a wily card,
An na' on warly sports to press ow'er hard.
He lo'es the heathen, in those forrin' parts,

For their salvation, plies a' pious arts.

One time, I thought, if *Bunyan* had been
there,

Or *Robbie Burns*, to note our halie Fair;
Hoo it wad read, if it were written out,
All that these Christian lasses were about;
Their smirkin', smilin', an' coquettish pleas,
Their artfu' ways, their banterin', an' lees;
Hoo much of this, 'twad tak' to mak' a saint!
If 'twere as good as Indian dance and paint!
Hoo far, the Lord wad mak' the money go;
They gave to Him, whilk had been gotten so!
Hoo they wad seem, these ill-got gains and
fees,

When a' tired oot, at last, they bent their
knees;

Hoo it wad leuk, a' they had said and done,
When calmly viewed, beneath to-morrow's
sun;

Alas! poor souls! what wad they have to say,
If there sud be sic thing, as Judgment Day!

At last, the wee-bit hours o' mornin' came,
When we maun guide our footsteps to our
hame;

They turned, at length, the flaming gaslight
down;

An' hushed within the kirk, ilk warly soun';
It seemed to me—sae loud the clock struck
one—

Some ither dispensation had begun:
As though we walk'd some dimly-lighted
tomb;

As though confrontin' baith, the Day o' Doom.

My laddie had a strange and restless night;
I saw, his een were kindlit wi' new light;
An' when, at breakfast hour, we teuk our meal,
His topmost thought, he could but ill conceal:
To talk o' that fair lass, was he fu' fain:
Hoo he wad like to ca' the girl his ain;
To take the big store, on the City square,
An', then, we three could stock a large bazaar:
Wond'ring the while, wad she complacent
prove,

A gi'e him honest back, his honest love.
I saw the laddie's heart beat unco high,
Misgivin's, though untauld, alas! had I.

Ere mony days, agen, the Sunday came,
I saw upon his cheeks, a hectic flame;
An' when accoutered in his Sunday's best,
I saw the same bouquet pinned on his breast.
Wi' thankfu' hearts, we breathed the mornin'
air,

An' arm in arm, walked to the house of prayer.
We saw the lass, among a hauf a score;
The lad stepped up to greet her, at the door.
She did na min' him, hoo he raised his hat:
His leuk and bow superb, an' a' o' that:
She simply curled her lip, an' passed him by,
As though some bird, just lighted frae the sky;

As though she feared to spoil her plumage fair;
As though too proud, to breathe earth's
common air;

As though she thought hersel' too bright an'
good,

To herd with ane who earned his daily food:
An' ev'ry vestige of her former grace
Forsook her frigid, proud, forbidding face.

I saw the iron strike my Willie then:
Nor syne that day has he e'er smiled agen.
You've seen a snow-white lily droop and fail
In spite o' a' ye did to cure its ail;
In spite of sunshine and the gentle rain,
Woundit within, as though it felt some pain;
Just so, my laddie, frae that self-same day,
Began to wilt and droop an' slip away.
An' though I'd never known him aince to shirk,
He'd tell me aft, he did na feel like work.
Wad sit at gloamin', sad and mope,
As though he'd lost his anely earthly hope.
Hoo mony a far-fetch'd thing I've gladly
bought,

To please his fancy or his passing thought;
T'was like a plaything to a home-sick child:
He wad na o' his grief be thus beguiled.
Ah! vain my hope, my pray'r to keep him still,
An' vain my nursin', vain the doctor's skill:
Ere spring, I saw by mony a certain sign,
He had his death; was sinkin' in decline.
I'd heard it aften sung: I thought it true:

Each blade o' grass maun ha'e its drap of dew.
But, ah! I saw the fever drinkin' up
My drap frae oot life's wearie, wearie cup.

The care of him, I had ilk day to take,
Did on my tiny store, sic inroads make:
The doctor's drugs, the doctor's drainin' fees,
Did waste it sae, by slow, but sure degrees,
It was fu' hard to mak' the twa ends meet,
To buy the coke, and get us aught to eat.
I thought, in my great straits, I'd try the arts
The kirk had tried for those in foreign parts:
I'd raffle off an article or so,

A carriage spread, a fancy doll, you know;
Just in my winnock, in a quiet way:—
But, they had been there, scarce a single day,
Before policemen, buttoned sleek and round,
Stalked in, and did my tremblin' heart astound,
Wi' swelling words, that I the law did break;
The goods were forfeit: them they'd have to
take:

Mysel', unless I ceased this thing to do,
They'd budge me off to grace the station too.
I tried to tell them, I was a' alone,
My Willie deein', they could hear his moan:
They shook their heids, as though sae unco
wise,

Wad hear excuses nane, and nae replies.
Bade me, wad I escape the Judge's claw,
Walk circumspec', and never break the law:
Advice weel-meant, and guid for me, na doubt,

But guid as weel for them, to carry out;
For, still the thing did in my noddle lurk,
They must hae known the rafflin' at our kirk;
But, then, the place maun sanctify the deed;
The law's not broken, if intact the creed;
The naked Indians in those foreign parts,
They sanctify unhalie deeds and arts;
The truth, I may not be supposed to know;
Doubtless, our Doctor, he must think it so.

Ah weel! in twa days mair, my laddie died;
An' sae my struggle went, how to provide.
Beneath his pillow, after he was gaun,
I found the flow'r, whilk he had doated on:
The withered parcel, and a brief, brief line;
Sae dim, the writin' I could scarce divine.
It meant, wi' that, he did na want to part;
"Please lay it, mither, on my broken heart!"

ABOON THE STARS.

O snawie feet, sae veined wi' blue,
O ankles limp an' roun',
Wi' greetin' een, I've sought for you,
All up the warl an' down.

Aboon the stars? I ken, I ken.
What service do they there?
Does Heav'n itsel' need little men,
To make its mansions fair?

Do little feet rin in an' oot?
Is bairnheid laughter heard?
Ah! that's the Heav'n me to suit,
I catch the sweet, sweet word.

An' sal I meet my bairn aboon?
My bonnie, wee, wee bairn?
Hoo aft, at night, I sit an' croon,
Sae piercin' is the airn!

An' mithers may be mithers there,
An' bairns still bairns may be,
Wi' glowin' cheek, an' flowin' hair,
An' childhood ecstasy?

At least, until I better ken,
I'll dream the pleasant thought;
Nor think our bairns grow up to men,
An' sae, alas, are not!

WE HA'E NAE BAIRNS.

WE ha'e nae bairns, our hame within,
Wi' ootspread arms to meet us;
To fill the door wi' fun and din,
As they rush forth to greet us.

We ha'e nae cherry mou's to feed;
We buy nae toys to please them;
Nae boots, nae dolls, nae skates we need;--
Nae eager wee-things seize them.

We ha'e nae sturdy stock to raise
O' men, o' wives, beginning!
To teach them warldly arts and ways,
Of bread and butter winning.

We ha'e nae tempted ones to guide
The path that leads to glory;
To tell them of the Crucified:
The pith o' Bible story.

We ha'e nae bairns, when we are dead
To shed lo'e's tears aboun' us,
To smooth for us the lanely bed,
And sprinkle flowers aroun' us.

We ha'e nae bairns, to keep our name,
When we are gane, frae dying;
To build agen anither hame,
The stock still multiplying.

A barren pair, we look around,
Not mither and not father;
Like water spilled upon the ground,
Whilk nae man's art can gather.

I WAD THAT WE WERE BAIRNS AGEN.

I wad that we were bairns agen,
 Our life a' simmer weather;
 The air as fu' of sangs as then,
 An' birds o' shinin' feather.
 I wad we had those daft days back;
 Their spring, their light, their rapture!
 I wad we had that auld time knack
 Ilk passin' bliss to capture.

A bow hung spannin' ilka cloud,
 However dark an' frownin';
 At sight of it we laughed aloud,
 Our petty troubles drownin'.
 We then could wade in tiny brooks,
 That murmured through the meadows:
 And ferret out the hidden nooks
 Among the leafy shadows.

We had our bairnheid's gentle mates,
 Alas! in dust they moulder!
 The lad who strapped for us our skates,
 Who bore us on his shoulder;
 The bright-e'ed lassies that we kenned,
 Like them to us nae ither!
 So peacefu' did our pastimes blend,
 As streams that rin thegither.

Ah! what can make us bairns agen,
Before us, life's December—
But just these auld time maids and men,
Whom we thus aft remember?
But just to fill those scenes once mair
With childhood sang and laughter?
Although the truth they're nae mair there
Will mak' us sadder after.

MITHER TAUGHT.

AT mither's knee I waitin' stood,
Wi' fingers link'd behin' me,
The bauldest o' the bairnheid brood:—
That hour they seldom tined me;
My mither's weel-arch'd bree aboon,
Wi' lo'e-lit e'e a droopin':—
The deid, the gaun, they gather roun',
In memory's halie groupin'!

Her han' she placed upon my heid;
Hoo aften I've caressed it!
An' syne it moulder'd wi' the deid,
Hoo aft wi' tears ha'e blessed it!
Hoo sweet she tauld us o' Christ's lo'e,
Hoo He lay in the manger:
Hoo, then, she leuked our hale life thro',
An' mapped out ilka danger.

A roguish, rompin' bairn was I,
Wi' een deep-set, blue-blinkin',
Who speir'd o' things baith laigh and high,
An' had a way o' thinkin':
Her leuk o' lo'e could mak' the tears,
Adoon my cheek fast trickle:—
But, ah, nae bairn lang face lang wears,
He has o' joys sic mickle.

She never thought her wark was gran',
Nor bruited it, nor tauld it:
But, kept at it, wi' silent han',
Our bairnheid life to mould it;
Contentit wi' the halie sphere,
Ower whilk she stretch'd lo'e's sceptre;
The harvest o' life's comin' year,
Hopefu' through a', this kept her.

For, like the sources o' the burn,
Frae rocks an' trees doon-drappin',
Those deft-hid things that first we learn,
Still oot they maun be crappin';
I've lang forgot the beuks I read,
The wise things taught i' college:
But, time 'll na dri'e frae oot my head
That ither bairnheid knowledge!

DINNA COME COURTIN' TILL ME.

DINNA come courtin' till me, young man,
Dinna come courtin' till me!
Ye're a rake I can see, wi' the hauf o' an' 'ee,
An' ye lo'e Scotch drink, an' the barley bree;
Sae dinna come courtin' till me, young man,
Dinna come courtin' till me.

Dinna come courtin' till me, young man,
Dinna come courtin' till me!
Tho' ye're supple an' ta', an' briskit sae braw,
An' can loup an' prance in the harvest dance;
Ye needna come courtin' till me, young man,
Ye needna come courtin' till me!

Ah! then, come courtin' till me, young man,
Ah, then, come courtin' till me;
Wi' drink, if ye're dune, by a' that's aboon;
I'll gi'e ye my han', as a prince o' the lan',
An' let ye come courtin' till me, young man,
An' let ye come courtin' till me.

SOBBIN' FOR ROBBIN.

Guidman. WHAT for are ye sobbin',
My dear, my dear?

Guidwife. I'm sobbin' for Robbin,
For Robbin I'm sobbin'
An' sheddin' ilk tear.

Guidman. Auld Robbin, his heidie—
Do stap, do stap!
An' fit were unsteady;
Fu' aft was he ready
To stacher an' drap.

Guidwife. Auld Robbin, he carried
Us twa on his back,
That day we were married;
Nor halted nor tarried,
Nor needed a crack,

Auld Robbin, he's nibblet
Frae ilk o' the weans,
An' on their heids dribblet
His aits an' his beans!—

Guidman. He's auld an' enfeeblet.
An' that's what it means.

We'll ha'e a new Robbin,
My dear, my dear!
Sae awa' wi' your sobbin',
An' staunch ilka tear:
Awa' wi' your sobbin'
For Robbin:
The new ane is here!

GUIDMAN AWA'.

THE sternies blink, when e'enin' fa's,
An' at the break o' day;
Amid wild woods, the ring-doo ca's;
The brown thrush pours his lay;
Nature an' I can na agree,
Syne my ane guidman's gone frae me.

At gloamin' time, I gang an' sit
My lane, without the door:
O wad, aince mair, his manly fit
Might echo on the floor!
At night, wee things asleep, I wake,
An' sair's my heart, wi' mony an ache.

I hear the soun' o' distant hoof:
Some guidman gangin' hame:
But ah! he hauds his way aloof,
To glad some ither dame!
An' sae, heart-sick, I lay my head
Again upon my sleepless bed.

I think, I think mischances o'er,
 Whilk ither men befa';
Perhaps, I'll never greet him more,
 He'll never come at a'!
An' then I toss, an' grieve an' fret,
Until my lanely pillow's wet.

At last, at last, the sunlight glints
 The taps o' yonder trees:
The curling smoke, plays wi', an' tints,
 Then lights the beaded leas:—
Nae sunlight is for me at a',
Syne my ane guidman's gone awa'.

The bairnies come, betimes, at morn,
 An' speir, "Is daddie come?"
The very dog gangs roun' forlorn,
 Or sleeps morose an' glum:
An' when, at length, he hears a soun',
He rins wi' nose along the groun'.

But, hush! I hear, I hear a bark!
 It echoes far an' near:
My guidman comes! His voice, O, near!
 His step, his step! He's here!
Awa', awa', my ilka pain,
He's come! an' I'm heart-whole again

TO A MITHERLESS WEAN.

FRAE thy deid mither's dust, thou'st glinted,
Thou wee bit, frail an' tender creature,
In wham thy daddie spies ilk feature,
Thy mither's ain, agen soft hinted;
Her bree, her een, ilk girlhood dimple,
Her bonnie mou' sae sweet, sae simple.

Thou'st stayed sae lang without life's portal,
Doubtfu' thysel' whether to enter,
That when, at last, thou cam'st to venture,
Thou gav'st her life, woun' deep an' mortal:
An' there ayont wean's prattlin' warble,
She lies outstretched in death's cauld marble.

As dull as stane, the e'e luve-glintin',
As cauld as snaw, the kindly breastie
That sud ha'e been thy ain warm nestie;
The lips close set, lo'e had been mintin';
Death hauds her form i' cruel capture;
An' wreck'd thy daddie's ill-timed rapture!

Thou didst nae mean it, frightenit weanie,
But, ah! sae hard for life thou wrestlit
Thou'st tined the ane, thee sud ha'e nestlit;
Thou'st robb'd me o' my bonnie Jeanie;
Thou'st robb'd thysel' an' me thegither;
For wae's the weanie without mither!

I've seen, like thee, some ill-starr'd lammie,
A' comfortless, for shelter bleatin';
Backward and forth, the cauld earth beatin',
In search o' its puir deid-stretch'd dammie;
But ah! her lug was dull o' hearin',
An' fruitless a' its grief an' speirin'.

This warl's a cauld, cauld warl thou'lt find it,
For fragile flowers and weans to glint here;
It's fu' of snaws as ony winter;
An' to the helpless, unco blindit;
But a' the mair, thy wa-gaen daddie
Will wrap thee snug within his plaidie.

By thee o' his deid Jean remindit,
Delightit with thy nature's buddin',
Thy bonnie bree wi' tears aft floodin',
The way she teuk to Gude, he'll find it.
There's nae mair death, nor dule, nor sin
there,
An' by Gude's grace, we twa will win there.

TO A CAGED LAVROCK SINGING.

Wha teuk thee frae thy native meadows,
A' daisy-e'd, dapplit wi' shadows,
Where thou hadst bigg'd thy snug-bit nestie,
Frae whilk thou sprangs't, gowd on thy
breastie,
The dew-wet air o' mornin' skiltin',
Thy matin hymn, warblin' an' liltin' ?

Wha robb'd the fields o' thy blythe presence,
Wha robb'd plain folk and bairns o' peasants,
That romp'd an' play'd, the wild flowers
pluckin',
Fright'nin' the bees, red claver suckin',
A han'-strung garland, crown'd with daisies,
Linkin', at will, thro' bairnheid's mazes ?

Wha teuk thee to the clouds high-mount'n',
Wellin' thy warbles frae sang's fountain,
Gladd'nin', in thy ascent, ilk acre,
To reach, ablins, ear o' thy Maker ?
Or when, at last, thy hymnal utter'd,
Thou'dst back unto thy fledglin's fluttered ?

Wha hauds thee i' this alley blightit,
Whilk, at high noon, is still benightit,
Where sombre shades, winnocks bedizzen,

An' uncag'd folk still live i' prison ;
Wha, when frae thy sweet fields he'd won thee,
Just shut this cruel gate upon thee ?

Thou singest o' thy robbit nestie ;
Thy wedow'd mate, that lang syne blest thee ;
The brood o' nestlins ye were rearin',
The cruel chiel, thy lo'e-dreams scarin',
An' human tongue thou seem'st to borrow,
An' tell'st the tale o' human sorrow.

Then lilt nae mair, I canna bear it,
Thou'lt break my heart, or oot wilt tear it ;
Thy sang is like some weanie greetin',
Hamesick, its bairnheid haunts entreatin'
Then lilt nae mair, for thy green meadows,
Wi' daisy een, dapplit wi' shadows !

Had I the power, I'd send thee wingin'
The fields o' blue, Gude's praises singin' !
Nae han' o' man sud mar thy rapture,
Nor frae thy native haunts sud capture ;
Nae han' o' man sud mar the measure
Wi' whilk thou'dst tell to God thy pleasure !

SIMMER WEATHER.

ILK sweet neuk, my Jeanie knows;
Where the baumy heather blows,
Where the tinklin' burnie flows,
 In the simmer weather;
There, at gloamin' hour we meet,
There, we guide reluctant feet,
 When we link thegither.

Like the hummin' o' the bee,
Like the murm'rin' o' the sea,
Are her words o' lo'e to me,
 When we are thegither.
Mirk may thicken roun' about,
Still her lo'e can keep it out,
 She's a' simmer weather!

Sud I tine my Jeanie dear,
A' the warl' wad be maist drear,
Like the autumn could an' sere,
 For the simmer weather;
Gladly wad I then efface
Trysting hour an' trysting place,
 When we link'd thegither.

THE MISSIN' BAIRNIES.

WHERE are ye, missin' bairnies,
A toddlin' in an' out,
Chuck fu' o' bairnheid mischief,
Chuck fu' o' din an' shout ?
I miss ye, ilka nightfa';
Ilk gowden blink o' day;
I aften stap an' wonder
Where ye are gaun away.

I aften stap an' wonder,
If ye are still at school;
If ye will come, wi' stamp, stamp,
An' brak' my ilka rule;
I aften stap an' wonder
If ye're gaun aff to play;
In fav'rite woodlan' pastime,
To while the livelang day.

I think ye're at the neighbors'
Perhaps ye're gaun for fruit;
Perhaps ye tramp the meadows,
Or hide some bairnheid loot;
An' sae I sit a-waitin',
An' let the table stan';
But nae mair comes ilk woman
Or comes ilk little man.

Hoo aft ye brought your chestnuts,
An' spread them oot to dry;
Hoo aft ye thought your minnows
Were big enough to fry;
Hoo aft I've wrung your stockin's,
Your little boots arrayed,
An' ye've gaun aff ere bedtime,
Ye had so madly played.

O little feet, aft wearie,
Where do ye wander now?
Wha kames the tangled ringlets?
Wha cools the heated brow?
O little han's, sae busy!
O little hearts aft sore!
I'm longin' for the footfa's,
That echoed roun' the door!

Alas! I've grown forgetfu';
Some lie in little graves;
Some bear the brunt of manhood;
An' some are fortune's slaves.
Sma' use for me to wonder
Oot door, or winnock stare;
To greet me, as in bairnheid,
They'll come, ah! nevermair.

An' is their nae mair bairnheid,
Whilk mak's this warl' sae fair?
Ayont the glowin' sternies,

Time's bairnies gather there;
Ayont the glowin' sternies,
Ayont the lift o' blue;
I'll fin' my missin' bairnies,
If they are guid an' true.

QUAKER KIRK.

THROUGH the fields' a breathin' clover,
Down the burn a-jumpin' over,
Up the hill, along the plain,
By the host o' breathless grain,
Free frae care, an' free frae wark:—
That's the gate to Quaker Kirk.

On the right han', daft an' crazy,
Swings the bob'link on the daisy;
On the left han', hear the gush
O' the deftly hidden thrush;
I' the barnie, see the trout
Like the sun's glint in an' out.

Blue, deep-blue, as some kind eye,
Bends aboon the archin' sky;
An' the gran' old neebor wood
Stan's a leafy multitude;
Here an' there, the sunshine smiles,
Smiles o' gowd, athwart its aisles.

There, at last, before you stan's
Quaker Kirk i' green wood lan's;
Open winnocks, open doors;
In an' oot, the sweet breath pours
Frae the clovers' purple heids;
Frae the wild flow'rs i' the meads.

Meek, loofs braidit, i' calm mood,
Wait the silent britherhood:
Till an auld-mou'd man, snaw-white,
Tall but bent, an' saintly quite,
Rises slowly to enfauld
What the Voice Within has tauld.

Down he sits: a minute's hush,
Then a kindly social gush:
Han's are shaken, mou's are kissed,
Kind words said anent the missed.
Gane the wagons, a fu' laden
Wi' calm matron, an' fair maiden!

Back, my lane, through fields I wander,
On the breathless warl' I ponder:
To the dew wet woods return,
Hear the wimplin' o' the burn,
Breathe the peace that's a' abroad
On this hallowed day o' God.

THE FIRST TOOTH.

OPEN, rogue, your pursed-up mou',
There's ane straggler strugglin' through:
First of a' the snaw-white ban',
That are crowdin' close at han'.

White as white o' pearl can be,
Or the white edge o' the sea!
Dinna, bairnie, dare to bite,
Why! you gave me sic a fright!

That your diet's maistly milk,
That ye kenna whilk is whilk,
Eat na fruit, nor hinney-kame,
Ah! ye ha'e yoursel' to blame.

When your sharp incisors come;
Crowded fu' ilk toothless gum;
Grapes and cherries ye sal eat;
Bread snaw-white, an' juicy meat.

Open, rogue, your pursed up mou',
Let your daddie see it, too;
Tell your grandame, wi' a crow,
Ane is come! Let a' folk know.

Ane is come! There's many more
Hidin' there ahint the door;
An' a mou' fu', dinna doubt,
Soon maun be a-crowdin' out.

THE DOUCE, DOUCE GUIDFOLK.*

I LO'E the douce, douce guidfolk,
'Mang whom my bairnheid went;
Their honest name, unkenned to fame,
Unkenned, too, their descent.

Their han's begrimed and horny,
Their breees wrinklited an' auld,
Their cheeks aft dun frae win' an' sun,
Or crimson frae the cold.

Ere yet the morning sun-burst
Broke on the clovered hill,
The scythe to wield they went afield,
Wi' stalwart step an' will.

An' when the dew-wet gloamin'
Descended saft an' fair,
Uprose to greet the mercy seat,
Their sturdy sang an' pray'r.

**Douce*, sedate, sober.

An' then, when came a Sunday,
Eschewed their week-day work:
Wi' rev'rent mien, wi' wife an' wean,
They gathered in the kirk.

Ah! they were douce, douce guidfolk!
Ay, that's the phrase for them;
Steadfast an' gran', they wrought the lan',
An' wore toil's diadem.

Their dust moals i' the kirkyard,
Rude-cut their names i' stone;
They walk in white, where there's nae night,
Their Lord has said, weel done!

WE TWA'VE GROWN AULD THEGITHER

FOR THE GOWDEN WEDDIN' OF DR. RAY PALMER.

We twa've grown auld thegither,
Leal guidwife, thou and I;
Sae fresh life's clear, spring weather!
Sae sweet life's simmer sky!
Then came the autumn golden,
And now life's winter years:
But to God's care beholden,
We've had few doubts or fears.

Our hame has aye been homely,
All fu' of peace and sang!
Ilk lad and lassie comely,
Like cherub drapt alang;
We've drank the cup o' kindness,
Aft sanctified by praise;
Forgi'en our sin and blindness,
Lo'e-crowned our passin' days!

How aft we've heard thegither,
Frae kirk, the Sabbath bell!
An' kneelin' by ilk ither,
Ha'e sought the Lord Himsel';
How aft ha'e seen His glory
Before our footsteps pass;
Ha'e proved, how aft, the story,
That man is as the grass.

How aft we've plucked at gloamin',
The primrose in her blush;
How aft ha'e heard, love-roamin',
The throstle's matin gush!
The almond's snaw is on us,
Instead o' primrose bloom;
What matin songs will crown us
Ayont, ayont the tomb!

Life's gloamin' star comes blinkin',
Frae out the nearing west!
Of this, fu' aft we're thinkin':

Hame-gathering o' the blest!
 We kenna what's before us,
 Leal guidwife, thou and I:
 Love's banner still is o'er us,
 And love's o'er-arching sky.

Nae earthly light we've kindled,
 Life's passage here to see,
 By auld age dimmed and dwindled,
 And sure, at length, to dee.
 God's love kens nae forgetting,
 He rules that realm afar;
 The Light, that lights life setting,
 Becomes Life's Morning Star.

DRAPPIN' AWA'.

THEY'RE drappin' awa', they're drappin' awa',
 The auld, and grey-headed are drappin' awa';
 The lips that caressed us,
 That guided and blessed us;
 The forms once sae manly, sae staunch and
 sae braw:
 Frae kirk and frae ingle, frae cottage
 an' ha',
 They're drappin' awa', they're drappin'
 awa'.

They're drappin' awa', they're droppin' awa',
The wise an' the prudent are drappin' awa';
 The tongues that once taught us,
 The arms that safe brought us,
Are passin' ilk twel'mon', frae sight and
 frae ca':
 Frae kirk and frae ingle, frae cottage
 an' ha',
They're drappin' awa', they're drappin'
 awa'.

They're drappin' awa', they're drappin' awa',
The sick an' the palsied are drappin' awa';
 The hearts that once bred us,
 The hands that kind led us,
Like leaves in the fa', like snaw in the thaw,
 Frae kirk and frae ingle, frae cottage
 an' ha',
They're drappin' awa', they're drappin'
 awa'.

They're drappin' awa', they're drappin' awa',
The leal an' the loyal are drappin' awa';
 They're gangin' before us,
 They're watchin' there o'er us,
Who've aft knelt them down for ilk of us a';
 Frae kirk and frae ingle, frae cottage
 and ha',
They're drappin' awa', they're drappin'
 awa'.

They're drappin' awa', they're drappin' awa',
Their like we sal leuk on never at a';
 The auld an' grey-heided,
 The stalwart an' steadied,
They're gangin' aboon us frae sight and frae ca',
 Frae kirk and frae ingle, frae cottage
 an' ha',
They're drappin' awa', they're drappin'
 awa'.

THE ANE LAN' FOR ME.

KEN ye the lan' o' daisies an' heather ?
 Ken ye the lan' that sae glints o'er the sea ?
Aft gaes my heart at gloamin', back thither:
 Still 'tis the lan', the ane lan' for me:
 Scotland's the lan', the ane lan' for me.

Ken ye the lan' o' burnie an' thistle ?
 Ken ye the lan' o' the bauld an' the free ?
Ken ye the lan' o' lav'rock an' throstle ?
 Still 'tis the lan', the ane lan' for me:
 Scotland's the lan', the ane lan' for me.

Ken ye the lan' o' tartan an' bonnet ?
 Ken ye the lan' o' the gowan's bright 'ee ?
Grim though ilk mountain, wi' snaw crested
 on it:
 Still 'tis the lan', the ane lan' for me:
 Scotland's the lan', the ane lan' for me.

Ken ye the lan' o' martyrs an' sages ?
Ken ye the lan' o' the loch an' the lea ?
Wild is the war that bleak winter wages :
Still 'tis the lan', the ane lan' for me.
Scotland's the lan', the ane lan' for me.

Far though I'm sund'red frae the lan' o' the
heather,
Dear a' its emblems ever sal be :
Aft gaes my heart at gloamin' back thither :
Still 'tis the lan', the ane lan' for me :
Scotland's the lan', the ane lan' for me.

THERE IS A LAD, I KENNA WHA.

THERE is a lad, I kenna wha,
Will come, some day, to woo me ;
There is a heart, in spite of a',
Will haud still steadfast to me.
Wha is the lad, or near or far,
Blue ben' the lift abo'e him :
An' were I in yon tremblin' star,
Still doon I'd come to lo'e him.

There is a name, I kenna what !
Weel now, how sud I know it ?
Donald or Rob, it matters not,
Some day, he'll surely show it ;

There is a voice, I kenna wha's,
Will thrill just through and through me,
Will gie my little heart a pause,
When he comes here to woo me.

There is a day, I kenna when!
My heid in orange blossom,
I'll take him frae all ither men,
An' hide me in his bosom.
What day may dawn, what day may die,
Or foul or fair the weather,
Neath wintry win', or simmer sky,
We'll link awa' thegither.

There is a cot, I kenna where!
The simmer's warm aroun' it;
Woodbine and roses cluster fair,
The bees and birds ha'e foun' it;
There is a cot, I kenna where,
I'm sure, at last, to win it,
An' when I am weel settled there,
I'll just reign queen within it.

FRAE THE LORD.

I've singlit oot an' e'esome lass,
I maun na speak her name;
Whose lips, the law o' kindness drap,
Like hinnie frae the kame;
She's handy at the wheel an' loom;
She's handy at the coo;
For wark's nae wark to her sweet han's,
It's a' sae sweet to do.

Her een are blue, her lashes lang,
Her hair a gowden brown;
She is nae like the bauld-e'ed anes,
She glints, and then leuks down.
A rose-bud in her keppin-kame,
Or on her breast she wears;
What ither lassies her outshine,
She neither kens nor cares.

She loe's fu' weel the halie Beuk,
That God has gien to man,
An' humbly trusts in Christ alane—
The simple, Gospel plan;
An' when she sings at gloamin'-time,
Her een hae tearfu' light,
An' o' the far-off warl' aboon,
She seems to hae the sight.

I've singlit oot a cozy neuk,
In whilk to build our bield;
Frae whilk to hear her song ring oot,
When I am gaun afield:
Frae whilk, at noon, she'll trippin' come,
Wi' basket an' wi' pail;—
We'll eat, and drink frae oot the burn
Fresh draughts o' Adam's ale.

I hae na tauld her hauf my min',
I hae na courage yet;
Although my heart leaps to my mou'
Whene'er I hear her fit;
Although my bluid mounts to my cheek,
An' sets my heed awhirl;
An' a' things seem sae strangely bright,
I scarcely ken the warl'.

We twa were Christ'nit at the kirk,
Lang-syne, when ilk was young;
The same the sermons that we irked;
The same the psalms we sung;
An' there, some day, ere lang, we'll gang,
An' haud ilk ither's han',
An' she shall be my ain true wife,
An' I her ain guidman!

THE SPRIG O' HEATHER.

I TAK', fair Jessie, frae thy hand
This sprig o' purple heather,
It links us twa to dear Scotland;
It links us to ilk ither.

I never heard the mavis' sang,
Nor note o' Doon's sweet flowin';
Nor wandered sacred Ayr alang,
Nor plucked the snaw-white gowan.

I never walked the birken ways,
Burns hallowed wi' his Mary;
Nor breathed the fragrance o' the braes,
Where aft he loved to tarry.

I never saw the fields he plowed,
The skies above that bended;
Nor felt strange thoughts upon me crowd,
By dreams o' him attended.

But this one sprig has ta'en me owre
The waters o' the ocean;
An' caused within my veins to pour
Strange tides of true devotion.

An instant ha'e I seemed to feel
Auld Scotia's chrism on me;
While to my bree she set her seal,
As though her son to own me.

Fair land, my sires, lang-deid, once trod,
I claim thee by this token;
Sacred to me, thine humblest sod,
Still hauds the link unbroken.

SUD I GROW AULD.

SUD I grow auld, wi' haffets bare,
An' locks o' snaw ahin' me,
I'd win the wee things to my chair,
Still to the earth to bin' me.
I wad na frown,
Nor grumble roun',
Because I'd nane to min' me.

I'd win the wee things to my side,
An', in low tones, wad tell them
Of Him, lang-syne, for them wha died;
Nor sud ane leuk repel them;
How wee-things came,
An' lisped His name;
What blinks o' bliss befell them!

Sud I grow auld, could I forget
The bairnheid days that blessed me ?
When life's first bloom wi' dew was wet,
An' a' things fair addressed me ?
The joys I had
Wi' lass an' lad ;
The mither that caressed me ?

Sud I grow auld, I fain wad leave
Sic mem'ries sweet to crown me,
That e'en the very bairns wad grieve—
Wha clang sae close aroun' me,
Wha climbed my knee,
Wi' shouts o' glee—
When in death's robe they foun' me.

God keep His kingdom in me yet,
Till He frae earth sal take me ?
Nor ever let me pine or fret,
Though a' things else forsake me !
God gi'e me rest
On His ain breast,
An' then above awake me !

FAIR ANDOVER! ANCE HALIE SCHULE.

FAIR Andover! ance halie schule,
 Where Orthodoxy's lang held rule,
 Now wise men made and now a fool,
 Or a fause prophēt:
 Philistia's tongues speak oot thy dool:
 Thou'st gane to Tophet!

Thy founders' prayers were a' in vain,
 The funds, whilk wedows scrimped wi' pain;
 Thy creed, slow-braided, strain on strain,
 Could na protect thee!
 They've tustled lang wi' might and main,
 An' now ha'e wrecked thee.

On Pisgah where thy Moses lies,
 Where Woods and Porter maun arise,
 Twa Edwardses, fit for the skies,
 There art thou scuttled:
 New-fangled Rabbis, modern wise,
 Roun' thee befuddled!

They dinna spier what Jesus taught,
 But uncoss of man's modern thought,
 Wi' Teuton smudge and lager brought
 Across the ocean:
 Wi' them the Bible goes for naught,
 'Gainst such a potion.

They've stalked an auld hypothesis,
Whilk, when interpreted is this:
That Hades is short-cut to bliss,
Or half-way station;
The lake o' fire, the serpent's hiss
A fabrication.

That Satan's realm is na disgrace:—
A sort of penitentiary place,
Where chaplains say a word o' grace;—
House of correction:
Where dyeing does all sins efface
From soul's complexion.

If there's a God, He has na seen it;
If there's a God, He sure will screen it,
If there's a God, He did na mean it,
He was but talkin':—
This is their craft, how they careen it,
To gie it caulkin'.

It whips auld Cloutie round the stump,
While he exclaims, "Why, that's my trump!
The nose well in, soon comes the rump."
This new departure!
An' ye maun tak it sans a humph!
Nor let it start ye.

They quote for this, th' Apostle Peter,
A blund'rin', heady, swearin' creature,

Wha'd prove the Lord's best man, short meter,
 But, quick foreswore Him:—
 Dootless, a very proper preacher,
 With them afore him.

For Peter-like, they swear it o'er,
 Though cock may crow as ne'er before:
 "This they believe, nor less, nor more!"
 Wi' reservation!
 Leavin' wide open, a back door:
 To 'scape damnation.

They've found new veins o' precious gold,
 An' ha'e their dreams o' vaults untold:
 Whilk maun prove, when they're gane to
 mould,
 The devil's metal:
 An' many a weak one o' the fold
 Craze or unsettle.

Like ither miners they may learn
 A thing or twa, by lesson stern:
 An' wiser men at length return,
 Though hard they blink it;
 While gowd;—they for their wages earn
 Hole, where they sink it.

Alas! alas! thou sacred place!
 Fair fount o' learnin', truth and grace,
 That thou sud come to sic' disgrace,

I'd scarce believe it:
Oh! could'st thou yet fause steps retrace:—
The past retrieve it!

They've bound thine ankles fast in blocks,
They've sheared thee o' thy gowden locks,
Gi'en thee, at par, their fancy stocks,
Or German siller!
A black sheep now 'mong the Lord's flocks,
We ha'e to bill thee.

They say the thing is nowise worse
Than funds John Harvard did disburse,
The land to save frae error's curse,
And found a college:
For, while he sleeps, they steal his purse,
As a' acknowledge.

These folk still flaunt the lib'ral name,
And mild morality proclaim:
Their words a' plausible, though tame,
Smack sweet as honey:—
They gi'e the Lord awa, the same,
And tak' His money.

Ye chiels, wha sacred funds pervert,
Whose waters cast up mire and dirt,
Wha still maun grind, meanin' na hurt,
Your hurdy-gurdies:
Plain Yankee dames stand ready-girt
To spank your hurdies.

They dinna want this German dish,
 They dinna want scorpion for fish:
 God's word is bread; 'tis what they wish
 Their lads to study:
 If not, they'll send them with a pish!
 To Dwight L. Moody.

Fair Andover! gaun is thy light,
 Mid mirk and darkness, wae and blight,
 Thou hast mis'rere morn and night:—
 Thy pray'rs diurnal:
 Pray'rs for the dead! Well, 'tis thy right:—
 Death's na eternal!

Here lies Fair Andover stone dead!
 Whilk is her fit, and whilk her head,
 The men wha gi'e us stone for bread,
 An' min' their pay-days,
 Ha'e never yet, by stone-mark said:—
 Her soul's in Hades!

If there's a God, and there's a hell,
 These men, on Pisgah's top wha dwell,
 Sud they pursue their purpose fell,
 Their high-toned tenor,
 Are like in English phrase to smell
 What is Gehenna!

What shall be said of the Trustees
Wha whustle roun' and tak' their ease,
And "Rabbis!" say, "just as you please,
 We put no word in" ?
To keep them oot, a sword sud bleeze,
 O' yonder Garden!



